



A SLICK SLICE OF SICK

STUPORMAN

Wherein he emerges from a phone booth and is arrested for . . . indecent exposure

HOW TO BE A POOR SPORT

Suicide tricks for sore losers

REAL HOLLYWOOD ART PICTURES

Including John Wayne as *The Blue Boy*—the portrait of a colorful but strange teenager

TEEN CONFESSIONS

"I Was an Unwed Honor Student!" and other startling indecencies

SICK ECOLOGY STICKERS

Splatter them around the neighborhood

SPECIALIZED ADVENTURE MAGAZINES FOR SPECIALIZED READERS

Daring Hypochondriac, Two-Fisted Working Girls, True Alcoholics, Etc.

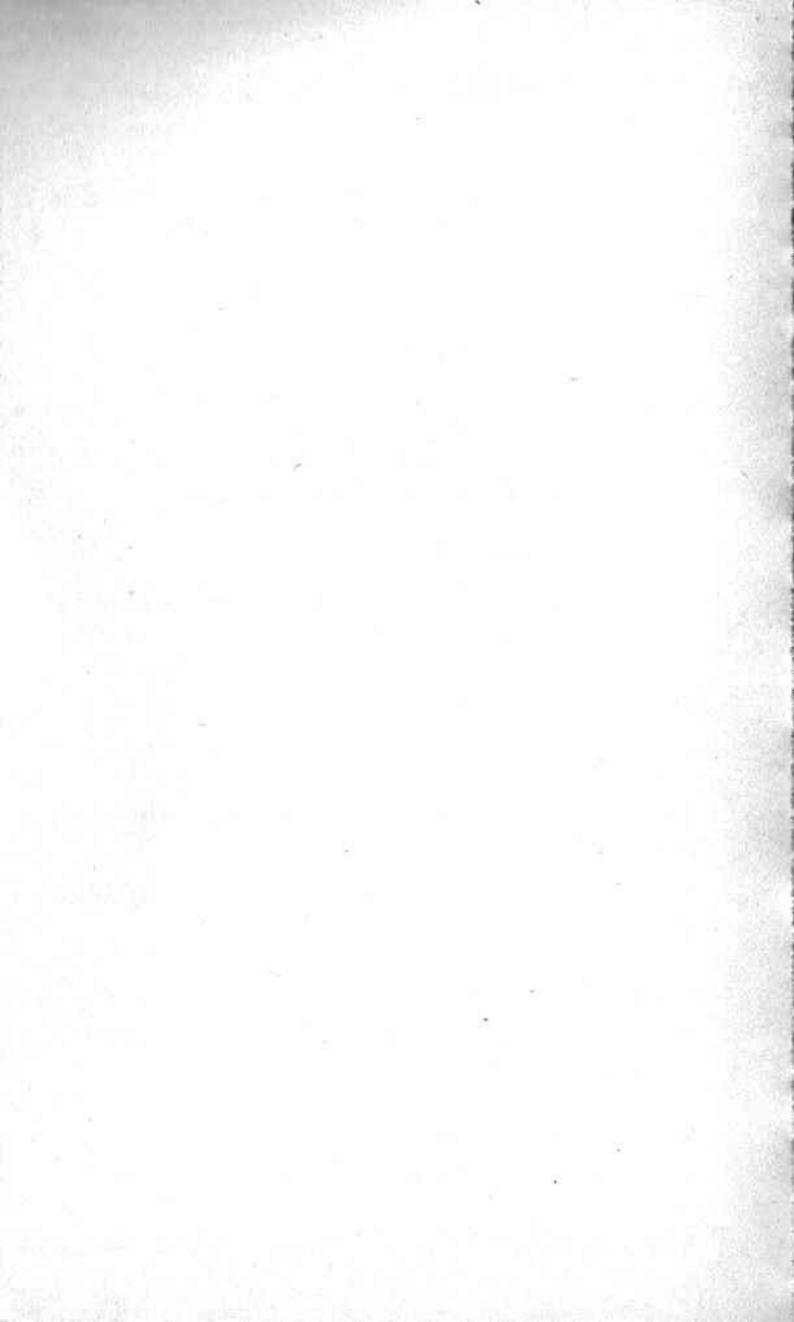
MEDICAL MELODIES

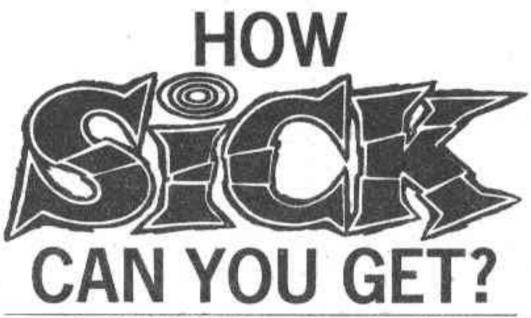
That Old Gangrene of Mine, Virus I Born and other tuneful traumas

KIDS LIB STICKERS

Burn Your Report Card and other inspirations

ETC. AD INFINITUM FOR PERPETUAL HYSTERIA





by Phil Hirsch and Paul Laikin

HOW SICK CAN YOU GET?

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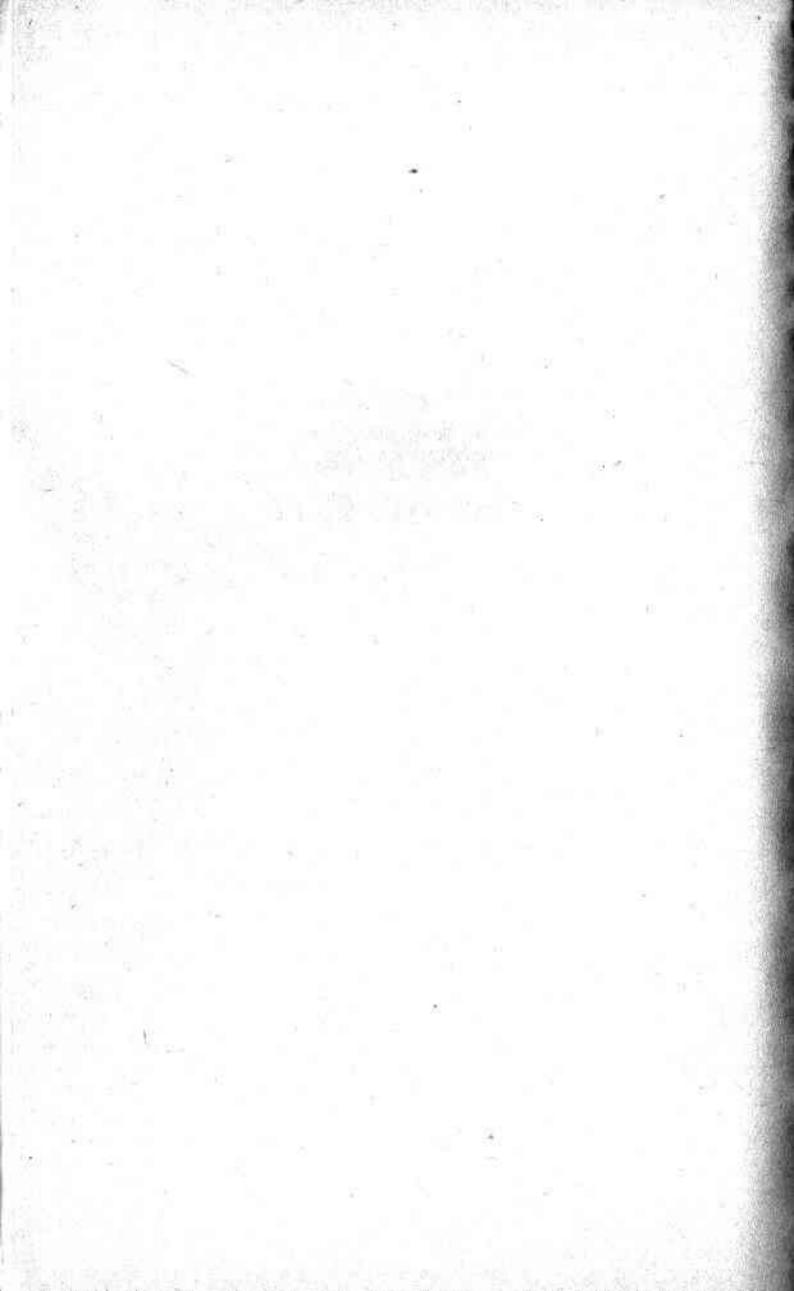
ISBN: 0-8468-0032-2

First printing, June 1974

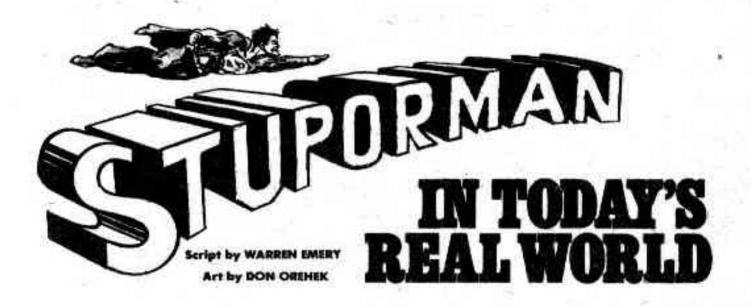
Printed in the United States of America

ZEBRA PUBLICATIONS, INC. 275 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016





For years people have been enthrolled by the crime-fighting adventures of a cortain exteen character who, at the first whill of trouble anywhere, sprints into a nearby phone booth, changes into his "work elethoe" and flies to the scene of the crime to help justice triumph. This is all very well, but how would that same character fare in the real world? Sould be do the same things? Let's find out as we follow the true-to-life exploits of . . .

























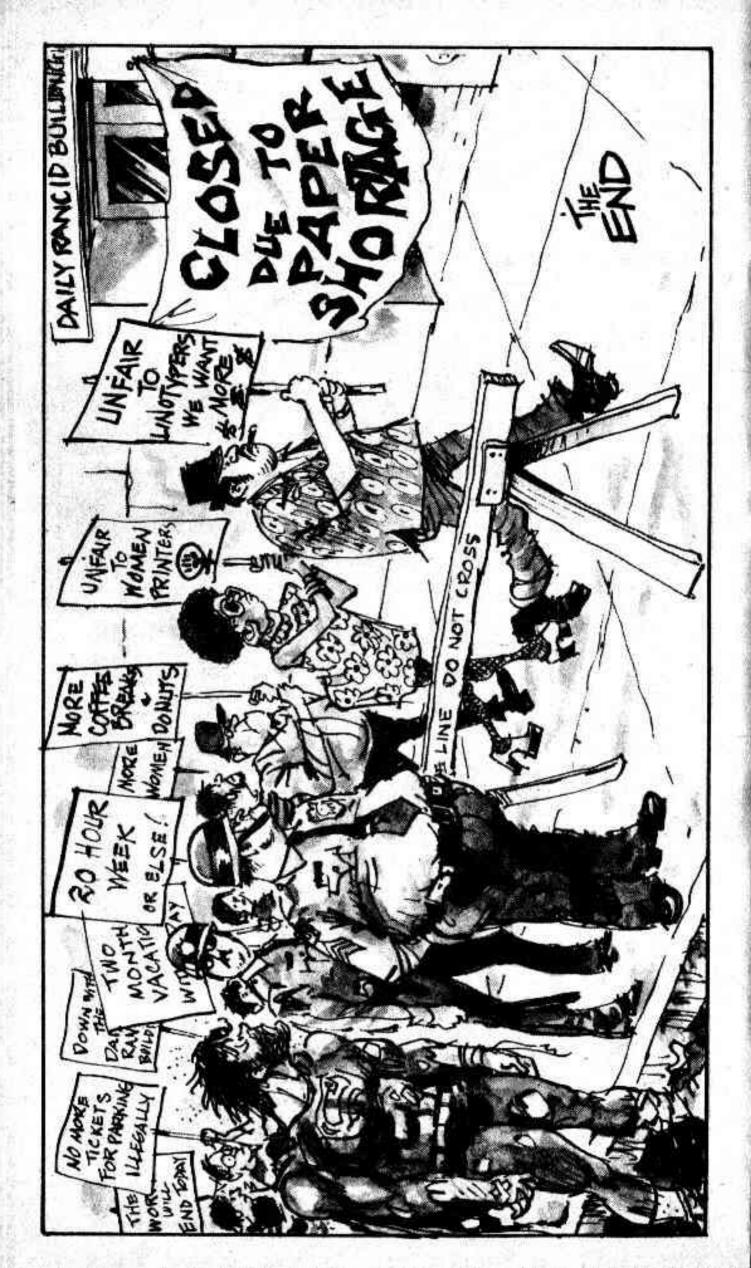












SICK

PORTS ECTION ELOW

to Bea POOR SPORT

A feature that teaches sore losers how to commit suicide in athletic events they lose - a feature that may also cause many a reader to end it all! This is another in our series of public service articles designed to help in the fight against the population explosion!

By E.C. Bilsland, Jr. and Al Scaduto



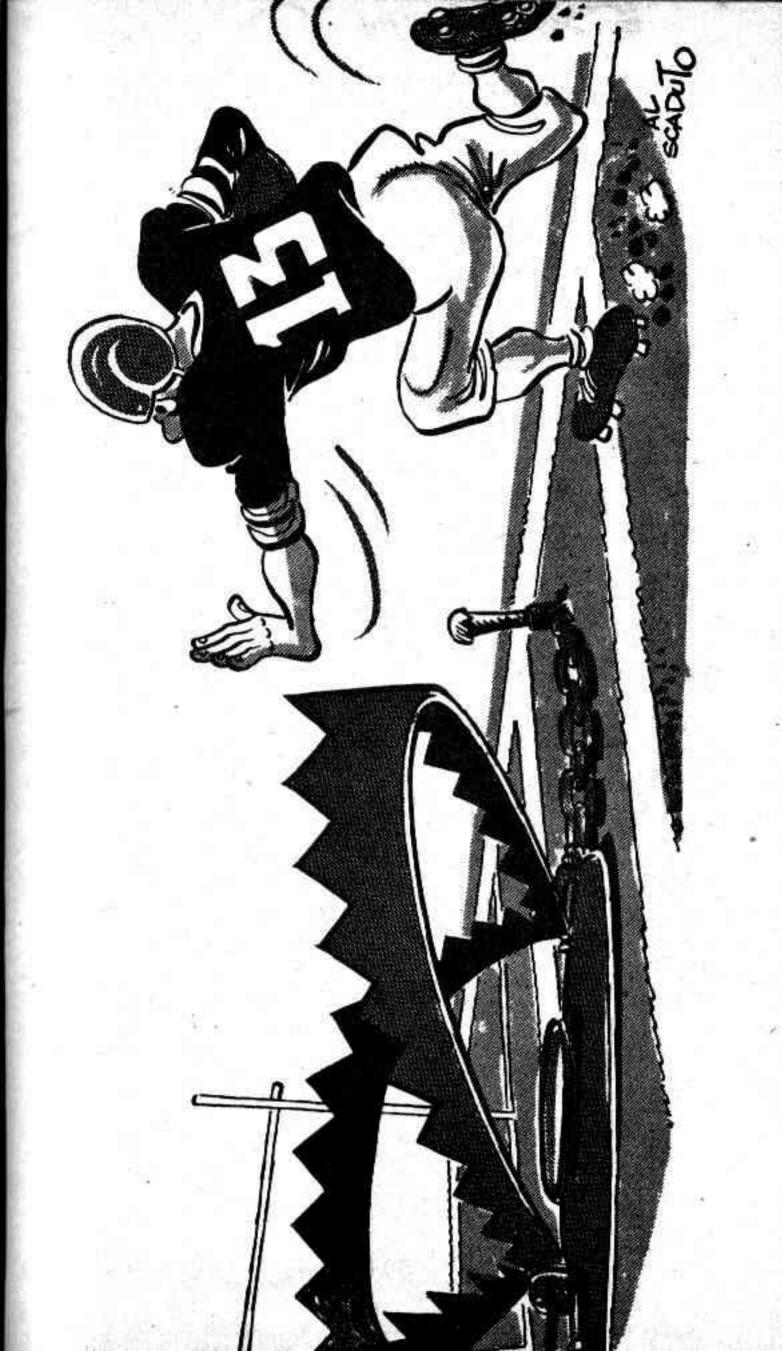












lodiny are nothing but new excuses to show a d producers make "real art pictures."

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAVESTY

TAYLOR BURTON

in

A Grant Wood Release

AMERICAN GOTHIC



What made the clean-cut gentleman farmer carry a lethal weapon in his hand? Did he force some traveling salesman to marry his daughter at pitchfork point? Or was it to protect himself from the nagging old lady at his side?

A PICTURE AS AMERICAN AS CHOW MEIN AND SPAGHETTI THE GREATEST PICTURE EVER MADE!

Louvre Studios Present

MONA LISA

A DaVinci Production



starring

Goldie Hawn

and MICHAEL POLLARD

as LEONARDO

Driven by her voluptuous beauty, he tried to get her down on the canvas ... but all she did was smile at him!

PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL THE ENIGMA
TO YOUR FRIENDS
(they won't even know what enigma means)

THE PICTURE THEY SAID COULDN'T BE SHOWN!

Goya's Original Uncloaked Version







in the role Audrey Hepburn turned down

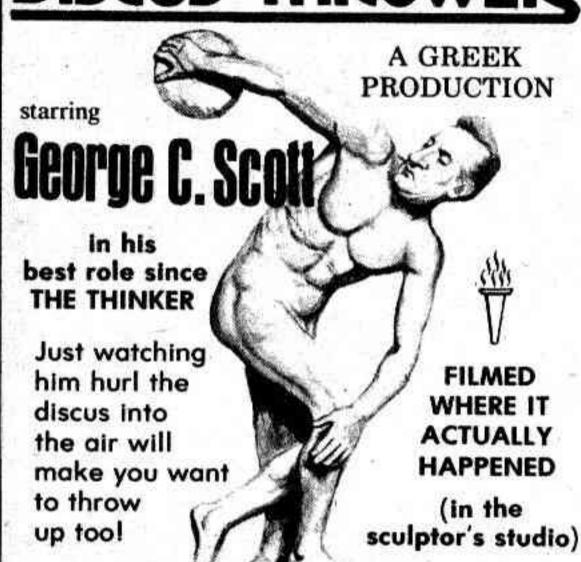
He insisted on painting her in the nude... but she made him put on a bathrobe!

Banned in Paris as indecent!

This picture is so bold and so shocking that two versions were actually made. The clothed one will be shown only on matinees. What mad passion drove him to start tossing plates in the nude?

THE Berserk Pictures Presents

DISCUS THROWER



The Story of a deformed girl who couldn't help getting stones...

VENUS DE MILO

formerly "A Farewell To Arms"



starring

PHYLLIS DILLER

as the statuesque beauty

What difference
did it make
that her arms and
legs were missing...as
long as the best
parts of her
remained!

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY FROM GREECE SINCE SPIRO AGNEW (according to Mrs. Agnew)





A Modigliani Masterpiece

Boys called her the "greatest neck in the world" but she had more than just a good head on her shoulders...

THIS MOVIE IS RATED Z
(it was rated like the movie "Z" which
was rated G)



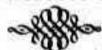
The portrait of a colorful but strange teenager

OHN WAYNE

as

THE BLUE BOY

A Gainesboro Release



WINNER OF THE GAY LIBERATION FRONT BEST PICTURE AWARD

> wardrobe by SY DEVORE

THIS FILM WILL APPEAR AT SELECTED THEATRES ONLY (mainly the ones that will let us show it!) Now for the first time comes the sensuous story of an unnatural relationship...

UNIVERSAL PICTU

(in arrangement with Grey and Black)
presents

BARBRA STREISAND

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

A Momma's Boy Production





WILL HAVE YOU
SITTING AT THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT
(where you will have dozed off!)

You think YOU'VE got troubles? Wait'll you read some REAL problems... mainly the ones we had trying to make a funny magazine parody out of -

SHOULD SEX EDUCATION BE TAUGHT AT DRIVE-IN MOVIES?

Leen onfessions

I THOUGHT HE WAS A BOY AFTER MY OWN HEART!

(only that's not all he was atter?)

I HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
WHILE DANCING THE BUGALOO

(And Never Even Knew It!)

12 and 13: TOO YOUNG TO GET MARRIED

(So We Decided To Wait A Year)

I WASN'T READY FOR MARRIAGE!

(My Hair Wasn't Done And I Had Nothing To Wear)

SWEET SIXTEEN AND NEVER BEEN KISSED

(Special Fiction Bonus)

WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD NO



Script by Paul Laikin

Geen Confessions

Confessions From Life

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Cover Photo by KEYHOLE

Names of our Editorial Staff is being withheld pending trial by the Juvenile Authorities.

Any similarity between fictional characters and real people is entirely correct.

(This magazine will self-destruct in 10 seconds)

HAIRDO OF THE MONTH



This exciting new hairdo from the salons of Paris combines both the modernday casual look with the old-fashioned conservative styling, creating a tantalizing new coiffure. It is guaranteed to make you more attractive to the oppolite sex. And the beauty part of it is—this hairdo looks even better on **girls**, rather than on the boy pictured here.

A TEENAGE GIRL'S LAMENT:

BOYS LIKE HERBIE KLOTZ! TO STAY AWAY FROM MOTHER WARNED ME



... BUT HE WAS MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER GUY IN MY LIFE!

Yes, mother warned me about boys like Herbie Klotz. If she told me once she told me a thousand times, "Stay away from boys like Herbie Klotz!" But I was young and reckless and besides how could I? How could I when I felt closer to Herbie than any other boy I had ever known? How could I when our lives were so interwoven? How could I when we were actually living together under the same roof?

together. In fact, we were always together. And we knew even then that when we got older we would still be together. We just both knew that it was more than just a simple boy-girl But it isn't as bad as it sounds. After all, we grew up together. As children we used to play

Only mother kept insisting. "That Herbie Klotz," she used to say, "is a terrible boy. A delinquent. No good will ever come of him. You mark my words. Believe me, I know human nature. He's a bum. He's nothing but a bum. And he'll never be anything but a bum!"

And why should I? After all, Herbie Klotz wasn't just another boy in my life. Herbie Klotz That's what I kept hearing over and over again. I never knew a woman could hate a young boy so much. She kept telling me what a rotten person he was. But I didn't listen to mother.

HE LOOKED LIKE THE STUDIOUS TYPE BUT...

AS SOON AS I GOT INTO HIS HOT ROD HE JUMPED ME!

I know now that I should never have gotten into the back seat of that hot rod with Felix. That was my first bad move. And no sooner had I made that move than he jumped me!

I was so surprised and so shocked I couldn't believe my own eyes. I made another quick move to the right but, lo and behold—he jumped me again! It was incredible! Fantastic! I was never so humiliated in all my life! Here he was playing me for a sucker. To him it was nothing more than a great big game!

And that's how it went. Whenever and wherever I would move he would jump me. In that unusually small area there wasn't any place I could move without him being there right on top of me. I knew we were playing the game but this was ridiculous. I just stood there helpless, unsight I can never hope to regain.

It was too much, I tell you. It was the most incredible game of checkers I ever played!



.. TO HIM IT WAS ALL A GAME!

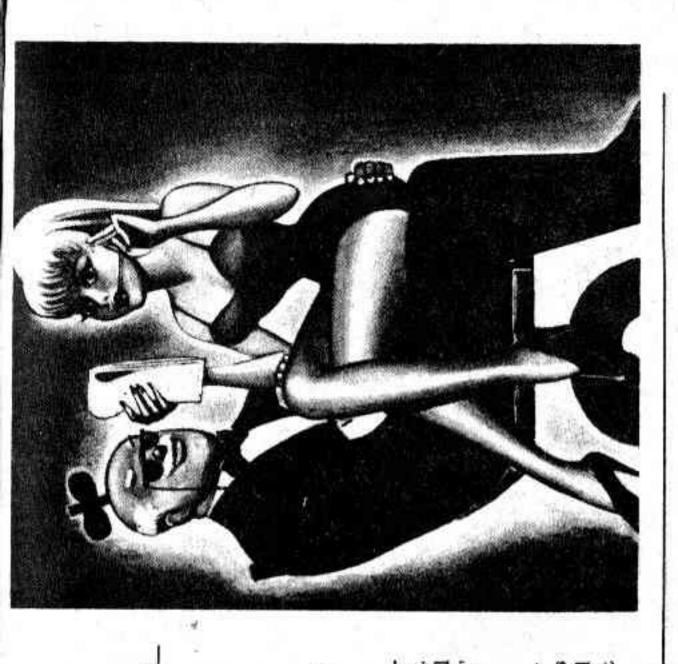
BE A PRIVATE SECRETARY WITHOUT KNOWING HOW TO TYPE— OR TAKE DICTATION: Enroll At The

LAPWRITING School For Secretaries

Oompah, Pa.

With our time-tested LAPWRITING Method we guarantee you an interesting position in a very short time. And you don't even have to know how to write! All you need to know is how to disappear when the boss wife visits the office!

As an extra added attraction, we will give you FREE—a list of all U.S. Unemployment Offices in case things don't work out. In case things do work out, we will give you jude lessons instead. Send for free booklet "So You're On Your Last Lap Now?"



GIRLS! Become a Become a HIGH FASHION MODEL



We teach you how to dislocate your hips, suck in your cheeks and mak all your bones stick out—just like the girls in those ads. In short, come in fat and walk out flat!

Special instruction in how to walk with books on your head, how to talk with pebbles in your mouth, and how to scream with mice at your feet. Let us change your clothes, your hairdo, your bank account. Send for our free book, "How To Look Like A Boy." Let us do for you what we did for Twiggy. We sent her one of our books.

MISS CARRIAGE'S SCHOOL FOR MODELS Great Bigg, Conn.

THERE'S MONEY TO BE MAID AS A HOTEL CHAMBERMAID



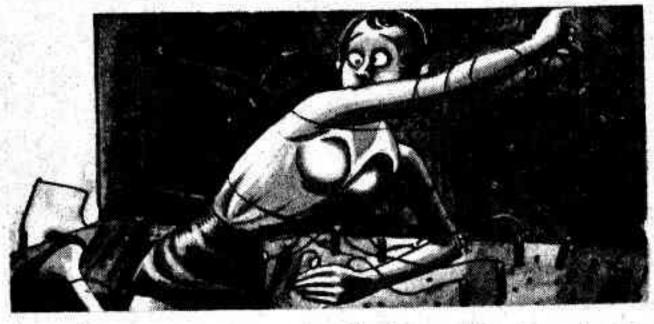
Learn Your Trade At
LAWLESS HOTEL TRAINING INSTITUTE
Turner, Ky.

Chambermaids are now in big demand in hotel rooms all over the country—especially the young and pretty ones. We see to it that you are placed in a leading hotel room practically overnight!

LAWLESS Hotel Trainings equips people for all kinds of hotel work. We can't promise you a position as Hotel Owner. Then again, we won't promise you a position as a mere Scrubwoman. What we'll do is compromise. Act today and we will get you into a compromising position in one of the country's leading hotels!

Now you can talk on the phone all day and get paid besides!

Learn to be a SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR



Now you can make calls to all of your friends and save on phone bills. You can also listen in on other peoples' calls and know everybody's business. Think of the possibilities. Use a tape recorder. Start your own blackmailing service.

While away those long hours in between calls by doing crossword puzzles, catching up on letters to friends and flirting with the salesman. Send for free 6,000-page pamphlet: "How To Tap A Wire."

SWITCHBOARD OPERATORS
OF AMERICA
Aintno, Mo.

IF MEN CAN DO IT. WHY NOT WOMEN?

BE A FEMALE ASTRONAUT



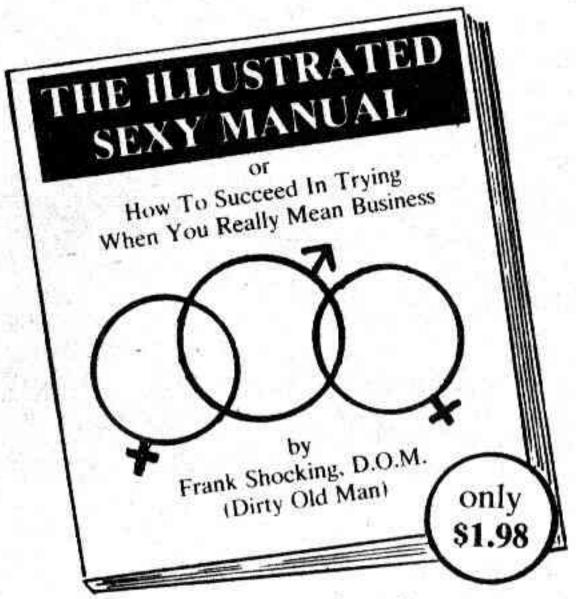
Since women have taken over all the other men's jobs, the next logical step is Women Astronauts. Prepare yourself now on the ground floor and work yourself up—way way up.

We teach you everything there is to know about being an astronaut. The important things like:

- How To Make Speeches In Congress
- How To Wave From Open Cars In Parades
- How To Get Ticker Tape Out Of Your Hair

FEMALE ASTRONAUTS INC. Watta, Mass.

FACTS EVERY TEENAGER NEEDS



plus \$675, postage (we mail it from Australia)

This book is written in straightforward, blunt language, mainly because the author is a straightforward, blunt man... You owe it to yourself to stop guessing, relying on superstition, following old-fashioned notions and other idiocies which rob you of happiness. You owe it to yourself to get this book—which only robs you of \$1.98!

BLUNT FACTS WITH BLUNT ILLUSTRATIONS

This completely blunt 10,796-page book tells you all you have to know to get along with the opposite sex. If you want to get along with the same sex, just read it backwards. It bares all the facts, leaves nothing to the imagination and is such a sizzler it was banned in Greenwich Village!

DO NOT SEND MONEY

Send no money. Just fill in the coupon. The postman will then deliver your book. He will read you one chapter. If you don't get excited in 15 minutes, keep the book and send the postman back. We will send you another postman in a few days.

BLUNT Publishing Co. Exciting, Mass.

Dept. S.E.X.

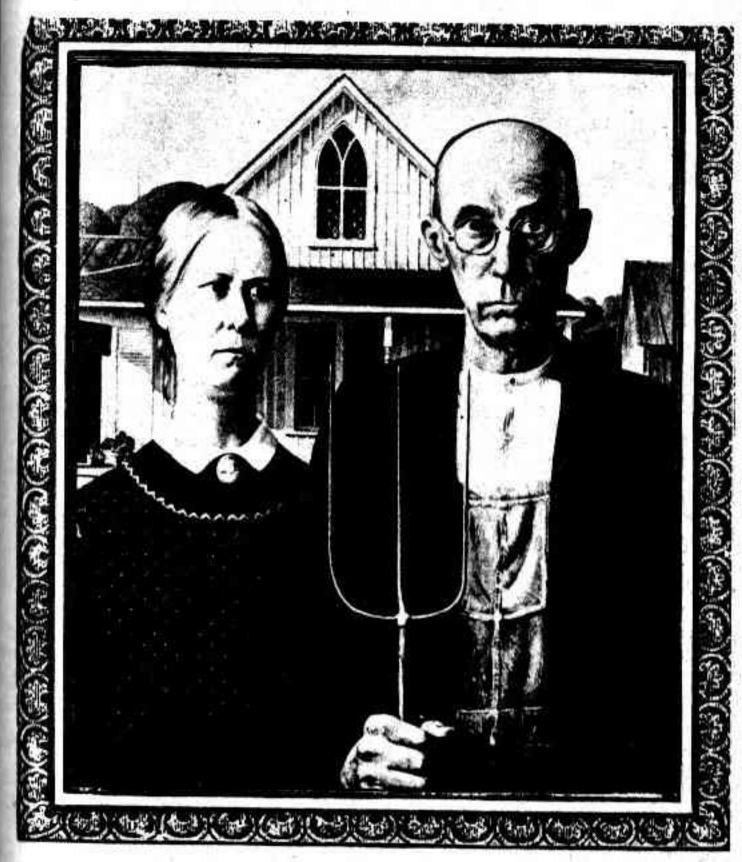
I am over 12 years old. I want to know everything there is to know about the opposite sex. Please rush book in plain brown wrapper. Book is free but wrapper costs \$20.00

NAME	ADDRESS
SEX	(if none, write none)

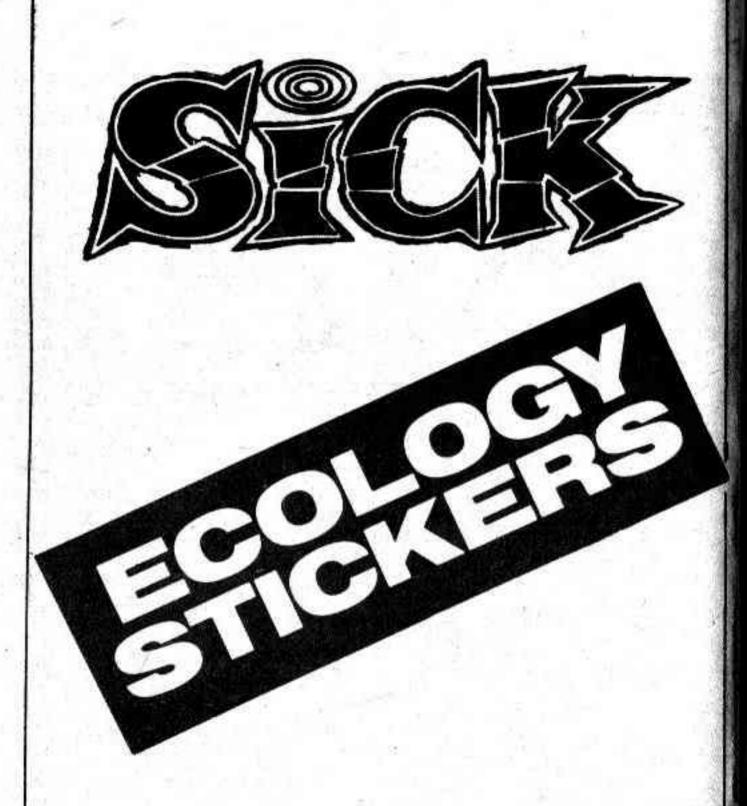
Coming in the NEXT ISSUE of Teen Confessions

- FOR OUR ANNIVERSARY WE EXCHANGED
 MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS
 (I got him Mad, he got me Sick!)
- THEY ALL AGREED HE WAS TOO OLD FOR ME!
 (He was 7, I was 3)
 - I LOVED HIM WITH ALL MY HEART!

 (until I got a transplant!)
 - LOVE ME, LOVE MY PIMPLES
 - ... and other heart-tugging stories!



Why can't you talk to us...
we're your parents!



- SPLATTER THEM AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD -

KEEP THIS BLOCK CLEAN

Throw Your Garbage
Around The
Corner!



POLLUTION IS A DIRTY WORD

FIGHT AIR
POLLUTION
KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT!

ATTENTION GHETTO HOUSE PAINTERS:

GET THE LEAD OUT!



RECALL THERMOMETERS

THEY HAVE TRACES
OF MERCURY IN THEM!

DON'T BURN YOUR BRA-RECYCLE IT!

APPROACH (WHOM HE APPROACHED FOR LOITERING) AND AN INFALLIBLE GIFT FOR STEPPING REVIEW: WITH A WARDROBE LIKE AN UNMADE BED, A SHERLOCK HOLMES ON CRIMINALS' TOES (NOT TO MENTION THE BUNIONS OF IMMOCENT BYSTANDERS) ALL THIS IS REASON ENOUGH FOR US TO CALL THIS LOVABLE KLUTZ ...



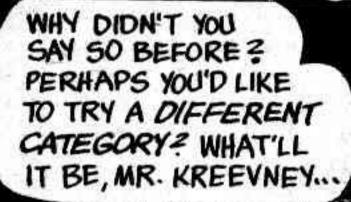












MOVIE STARS

EX PRESIDENTS

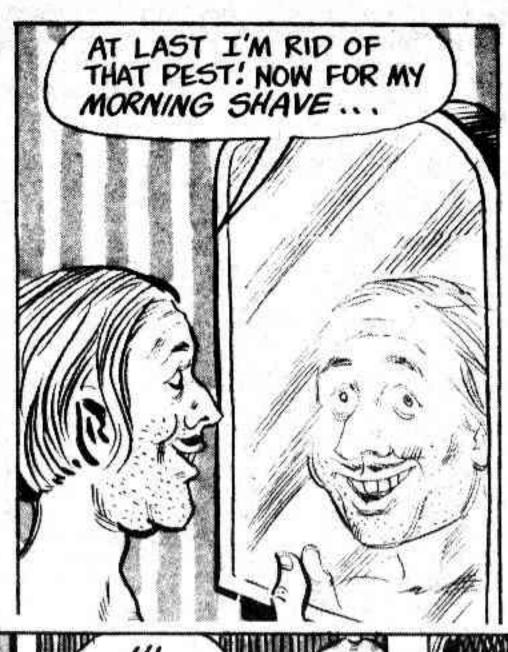
HISTORICAL

















GEE, I'M GLAD IT ISN'T SOMETHAT'S A HAVE SET FIRE TO IT WITH MY

GOBELIN
TAPESTRY:

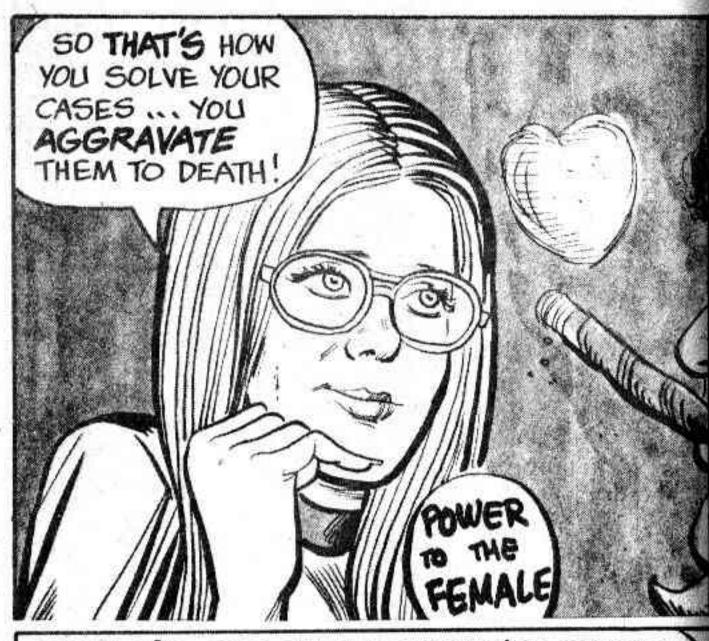
GEE, I'M GLAD IT ISN'T SOMETHAT SOMETHING NEW! OOPS, I SEEM TO
HAVE SET FIRE TO IT WITH MY
WORRY, I'LL BEAT OUT THE
TAPESTRY:
FLAMES WITH THIS TRAFFIC











RIGHT! IN THIS BUSINESS YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A GIMMICK. IRONSIDE'S CRIPPLED; LONGSTREET'S BLIND; AND ME, I'M STUPID! BUT, THEN... HOW COME I MAKE 20 GRAND A PROGRAM? I CAN'T UNDER STAND IT. I GUESS IT'S MY LACK OF EDUCATION. IF I HAD AN EDUCATION, I'D PROBABLY BE ABLE TO FIGURE IT OUT. TELL ME, MS STEINWAY, YOU'RE AN EDUCATED BABE, WHAT DO YOU THINK?





This book contains world records they wouldn't DARE print in the original



Script by FRED WOLFE

Illustrated by JOHN LANGTON

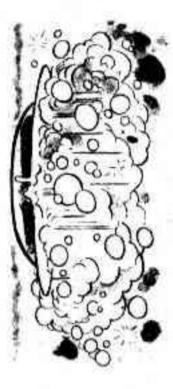


Fastest Runner: Some record books proclaim Robert Lee Hayes of Jacksonville, Florida, who was timed at 26.9 miles per hour at the 75-yard mark of a 100-yard race in May, 1964. Other records state that Wyomia Tyus was the fastest man when he was timed at 23.78 miles per hour in Kiev, Russia, on July 31, 1965. However, unofficial statistics give it to visiting tourist, Rudy Lightfoot, who broke every record—and every stopwatch—when he raced to the mens room in Mexico City, after drinking the water!

Most Face-Slapping: The face-slapping contest duration record was set in Kiev, U.S.S.R., in 1931, when a draw was declared between Vasily Bezbordny and Goniusch after 30 hours. Which is like nothing compared to the amount of face-slapping that goes on in drive-in movies in the United States on just one Saturday night!



Greatest Eruption: Contrary to popular belief, the greatest eruption on earth did not take place in the volcanos of Muana Loa or Krakatoa. The burp heard 'round the world that shattered all records—and living-room windows—was emitted by Sidney Dimelstein, a certified public accountant, who accidentally dropped a pound and a half of Alka Seltzer into his mother's chicken soup!



Biggest Bridge: The longest suspension bridge in the world is the Verrazano-Narrows, 4,260 feet, located in New York City. Yet, her dentist claims that a much larger bridge was installed—with room to spare—in Martha Mitchell's mouth!

Smallest Star: Some scientists claim that the smallest known star is LP 327-186, a "white dwarf" with a diameter only half that of the moon, 100 light-years distant and detected in May, 1962, from Minneapolis. Other experts state that the smallest known star is Lemuel Swett, a cockamamie rock artist from the Bronx, who stands five foot two in his elevator shoes, and whose LP sold only 3 copies—one of which was later returned by his mother!

Commonest Plant: In the area of the commonest plant, the most widely distributed flowering plant in the world is Cynodon dactylon, a toothed grass. Nevertheless, this toothed species seems doomed to extinction, as they refuse to use Crest!





Longest Underwater: The official world's record for staying underwater is 13 minutes 42.5 seconds by Robert Foster, aged 32, an electronics technician of Richmond, California, who stayed under 10 feet of water in the swimming pool of the Bermuda Palms at San Rafael, California, on March 15, 1959. The unofficial record is held by Rocco Gianelli, a noted stool pigeon, who was dropped into New York Harbor with his tootsies dipped in cement 25 years ago, and still has yet to surface!

Highest Climb: Although hush money was paid to keep this incident quiet, the record for climbing the tallest pole was awarded posthumously to the "late" Farnsworth Freep. Unfortunately, the Pole that Farnsworth climbed was six foot eight "Crusher" Pulaski, a fullback for the Los Angeles Rams!



Wildest Plucking: The fastest recorded time for plucking chickens was allegedly set in the 1970 contest at Masaryktown, Florida, on November 15 when a team of four women plucked 12 birds naked in 6 mins. 31 secs. This record was knocked into a cocked hat last season, when the entire "King Family" dropped in unexpectedly at the summer home of Colonel Sanders!



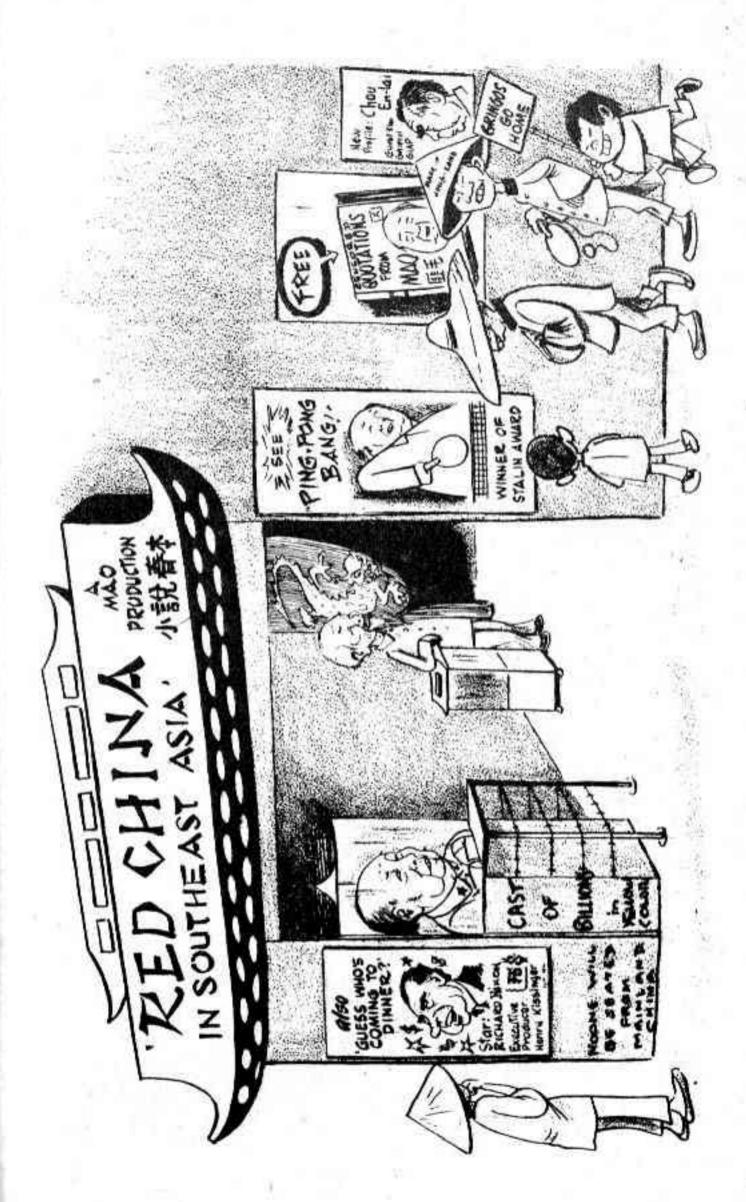
Everybody's heard the expression "All the world's a stage."
But who has ever taken it seriously? Only somebody out of his skull—like the guy who thought up this idea which shows what it would be like...

IF NATION

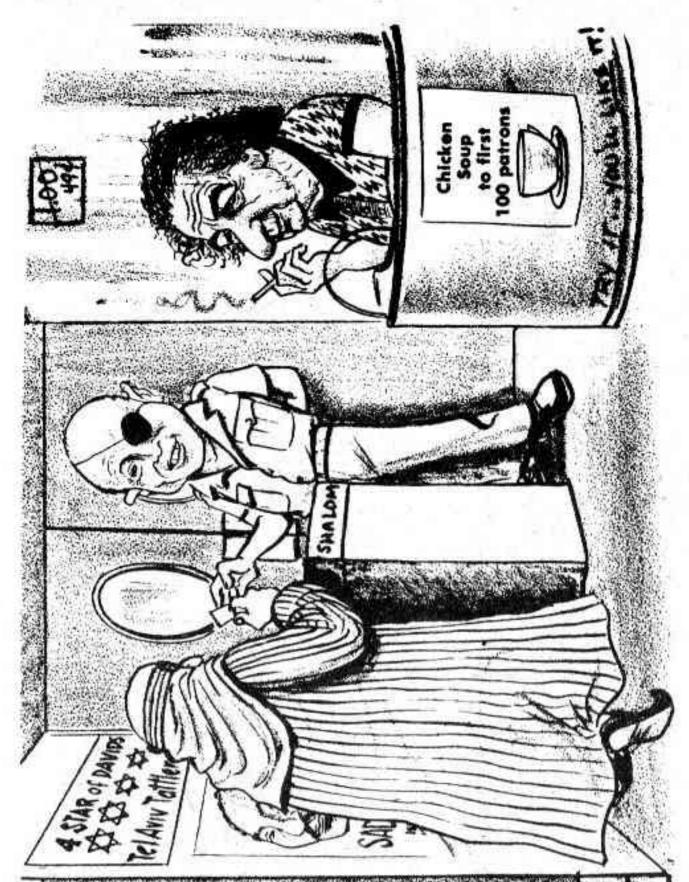
WERE

created by LUGOZE





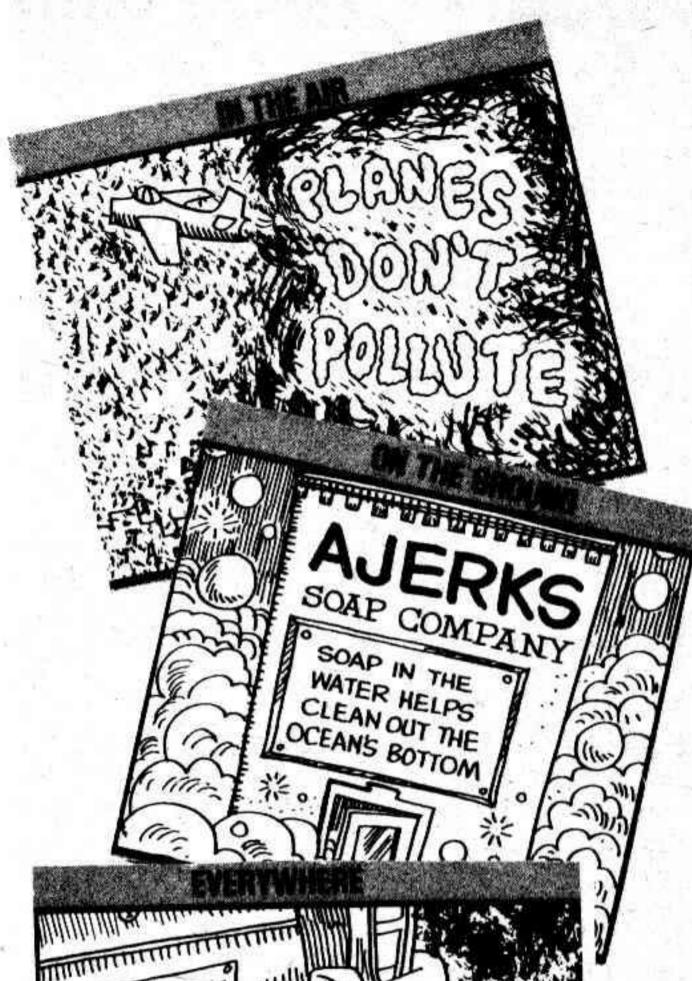
INSECURITY is being kissed on the cheek by a Malia Chieftain.



THE STATE OF LOSS THE STATE OF

cript by JOE CATALANC

SEED IN STORY I

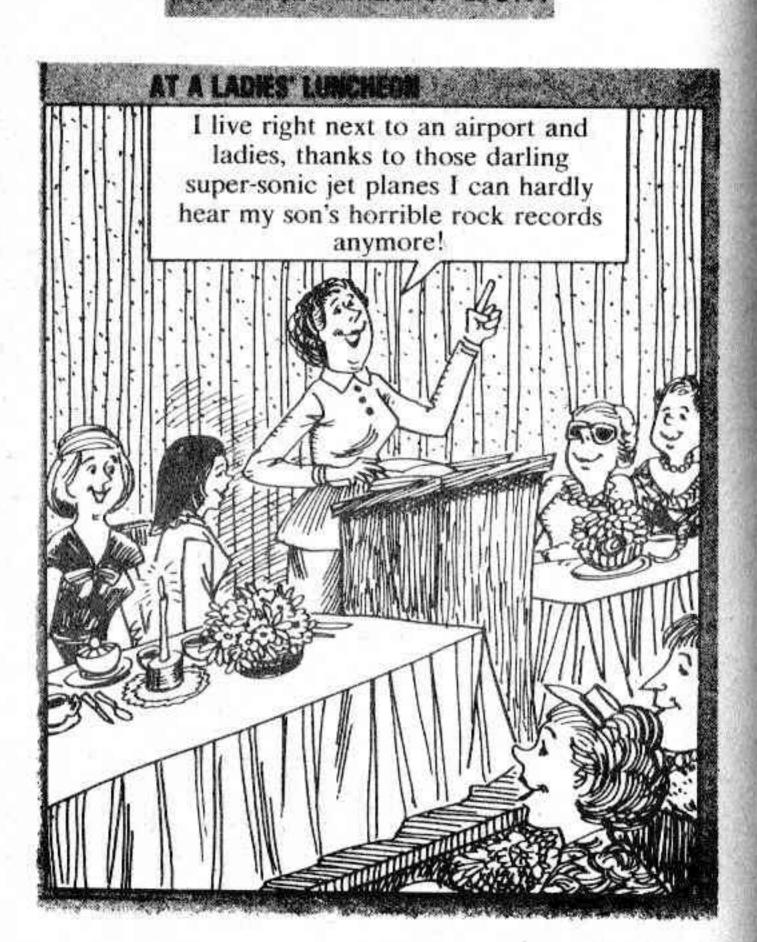




THEN, THE CAMPAIGN CAN REALLY BET

UNDERWAY AS IT BECOMES A LIVE ISSUE

IN DIFFERENT WALKS OF LIFE





SOON POLLUTION WILL GET TO BE VERY POPULAR AS IT BECOMES FRONT PAGE NEWS OF HUMAN INTEREST...

TIMES, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1972

TY's.

jooi /pumby

best

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you a

D.D.T. SAVES MAN'S LIFE

FARMER PRAISES PESTICIDE

d. I'd Late yesterday afternoon, e had Rufus Snodgrass, a local ne. in farmer, was on his way to an uelty Anti-Pesticides Rally, where he was preparing to throw und away all of his old garden on a chemicals and assorted eves pollutants. wait-

As he was crossing the shot main street of town, Mr. dian Snodgrass happened to drop action and old bottle of D.D.T. As brought would have it, he bent down to pick up the D.D.T. tion.

just as a stray arrow whizzed past his head.

"If it hadn't been for that D.D.T. I wouldn't be alive today," Mr. Snodgrass told reporters, "that danged pesticide saved my life!

The arrow was reportedly shot by a near-sighted Indian, recovering from radioactive fallout particles brought about by a recent bomb-test near his reservation.

Craig asked.

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MAN WALKS ON WATER

Biblical Prophecy Comes True

ry-picker, became the first man in modern history to walk across Lake Erie. Thanks to tons upon tons of waste and garbage that has been accumulating over the eness: years, Lake Erie became solid enough last week so the that Mr. Futz could make

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Fred Futz, an itinerant ber- | Mr. Futz walked the entire distance without getting the bottom of his shoes wet. Next week, Mr. Futz plans to drive across in a 1923 Hudson.

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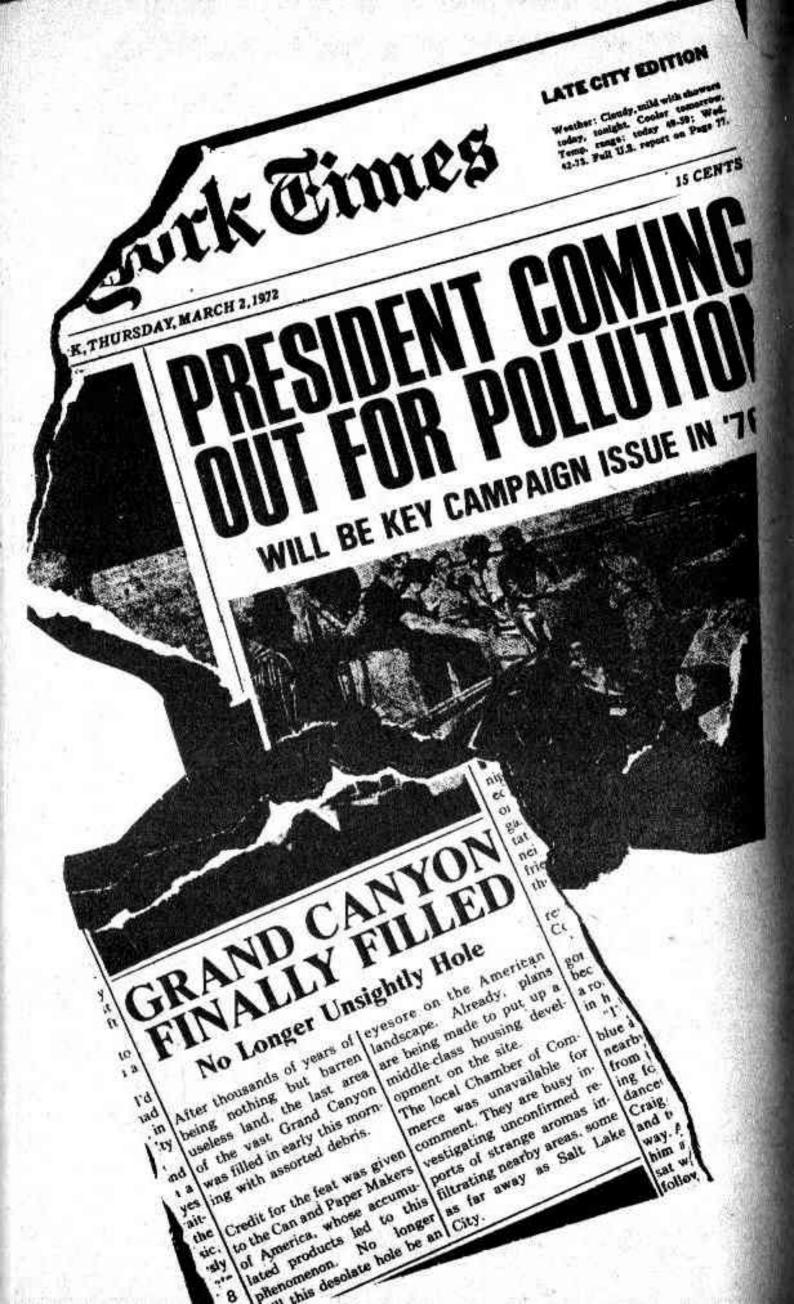
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There is no truth to the rumor however, that Mr. Futz will walk to the top of Mount Sinai and wait for another Commandment.

die his historic trek. Bo Bumper Morgan wears ulaits Actuality of the introduct of constructions a spinore interest of constructions a spinore introduct of constructions as a spinor of the constructions of the construction of the constructions of the construction of the c He the drifte denonted to scientist and additive to their food down the street of the end o cou TO do with all the groupty heet Carle and Sum wrappers, inc. Can. Cans and gum wrappers, work. the army hem who



DNCE THE PUBLIC BECOMES FULLY CONDITIONED, PRO-POLLUTION ADVERTISING WILL GO INTO FULL SWING

We've done all that is humanly possible to please our fish-catching neighbors so that the two of us can live in complete harmony. Just recently we've added tuna fish sandwiches to our employee's luncheons, whether they want it or not!

OPERATING IN THE SAME AREA, WORK HAND IN HAND?

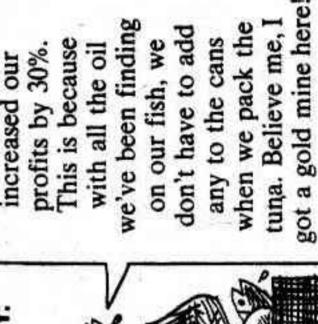
SAYS THE OIL COMPANY:

SAYS THE Tuna factory:

Oil Company has

great! In fact, the

It's working out





oohh! don't touch me, I've got sunburn!



Remember SUNBURN?

Well, now that's a thing of the past—thanks to that new sun-screening device "Soot In The Sky." This works better than any tanning lotion in blocking out harmful rays of the sunmainly because it blocks out the sun!

SOOT-IN-THE-SKY by Chimneys

Have you noticed fewer bird droppings on your car?



Thank the men at your local United Smelting Factoryserving the entire community, and parts of the next town. Remember our motto: "We Get Them Before They Get You!"

iendly skies of United



AND FINALLY WE WOULD HAVE THE FIRST "ANNU OF POLLUTION'S GREAT ATTRACTION



NDUSTRIAL WASTE SHOW"—PLACING ALL N ONE GIGANTIC FAIR...



COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH

PROFILE:

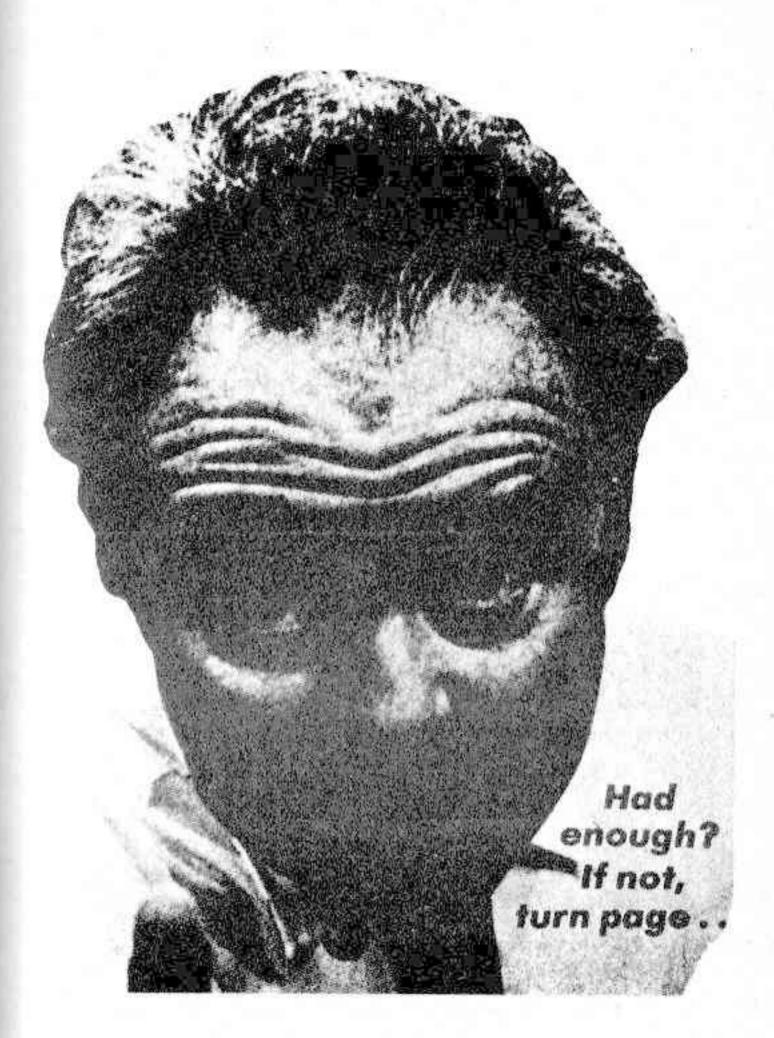
You gotta be kiddin'!

Archie Bunker (Carroll O'Connor) is the kind of a guy who calls a spade a spade—and sometimes even worse! He represents all that is right in America, and is said to be as American as humble pie. We can think of nobody else who truly desegves this SICK Award as Comedian of the Month. Here then are some examples of the wit and wisdom of the world's wackiest wierdo...

- There are millions of real Americans just like me who believes in Mr. Nixon. And God believes in him too. Don't Billy Graham play golf with him?
- You liberals don't worry about normal things, like what the Jets are gonna do about Joe Namath's knees, things like that. You get yourselves into every weirdo worry that ever was.
- I'll tell you one thing about Richard Nixon. He keeps Pat home. Which was where Roosevelt shoulda kept Eleanor. Instead he let her run around loose till one day she discovered the colored. We never knew they was there. She told them they was gettin' the short end of the stick and we been havin' trouble ever since.
- You got a judge who spends half his life in school—after which he spends years as a lawyer, then a lower judge, then an upper judge, until he finally works his way up to a Superior Court. But does he decide who's innocent or guilty? No—that decision's made by four salesmen, three bank tellers, two plumbers, a seamstress and a dingbat!

()ut of the mouthes of boobs.

I got nuthin'
against mankind,
it's people I
don't trust!



- Jesus Christ is who's great, little girl. I know that long before them rock and roll freaks made Him a "superstar."
- I don't know what the world's comin to. It's dog eat dog out there. Some nut decides to throw himself in front of a subway train and ties it up for thirty minutes. He couldn't have picked the middle of the day. He had to pick the rush hour.
- Insurance companies live to cancel out guys like me.
- Salvatore, Feldman, O'Reilly and Nelson—an Eyetalian, a Jew, an Irishman and a regular American. That's what you call a balanced ticket. For instance you got Feldman for treasurer, That's perfect. Them people know how to handle money, y'know what I mean? Than you got Salvatore for District Attorney—to keep an eye on Feldman. Then you got a Mick—O'Reilly—to make sure the graft is equally distributed. And you get Nelson, an American, to do the TV appearances, to make the rest of them look respectable.
- Them big companies are gonna pay back every cent we give 'em. But the government ain't gonna get nothing back from those welfare moochers unless it goes into the used Cadillac business!
 - Whaddaya mean my heart's like a pump? The heart's only the most emotional part of your body—anybody knows that. That's where your





Try the crisp, clean taste of Kent Menthol.

The only Menthol with the famous Micronite filter.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health love and romance are kept. We're not machines yet, dammit.

- Disney World's gonna be something to see! You know what it cost them to build that Disney World—four hundred million bucks! You got any idea what that comes to in dollars and cents?
- When it comes to stayin' overnight in this house it's marriage that counts—not love. That love business may be okay in some places, but I'll have you know this is a Christian home!
- Listen to that meathead atheist! I mean, the whole world celebrates the birth of Christ and everybody gets time off from work. If that ain't proof he's the son of God, what is?
 - What the hell is it nowadays? Girls wit' dresses up to here, boys wit' hair down to here. I stopped in a Gent's Room the other day, there was this character there with a ponytail to here. My heart turned right over—I thought I was in the wrong toilet!
 - You know, Nixon's gonna open his mouth once too often and he ain't gonna have Archie Bunker to kick around no more.

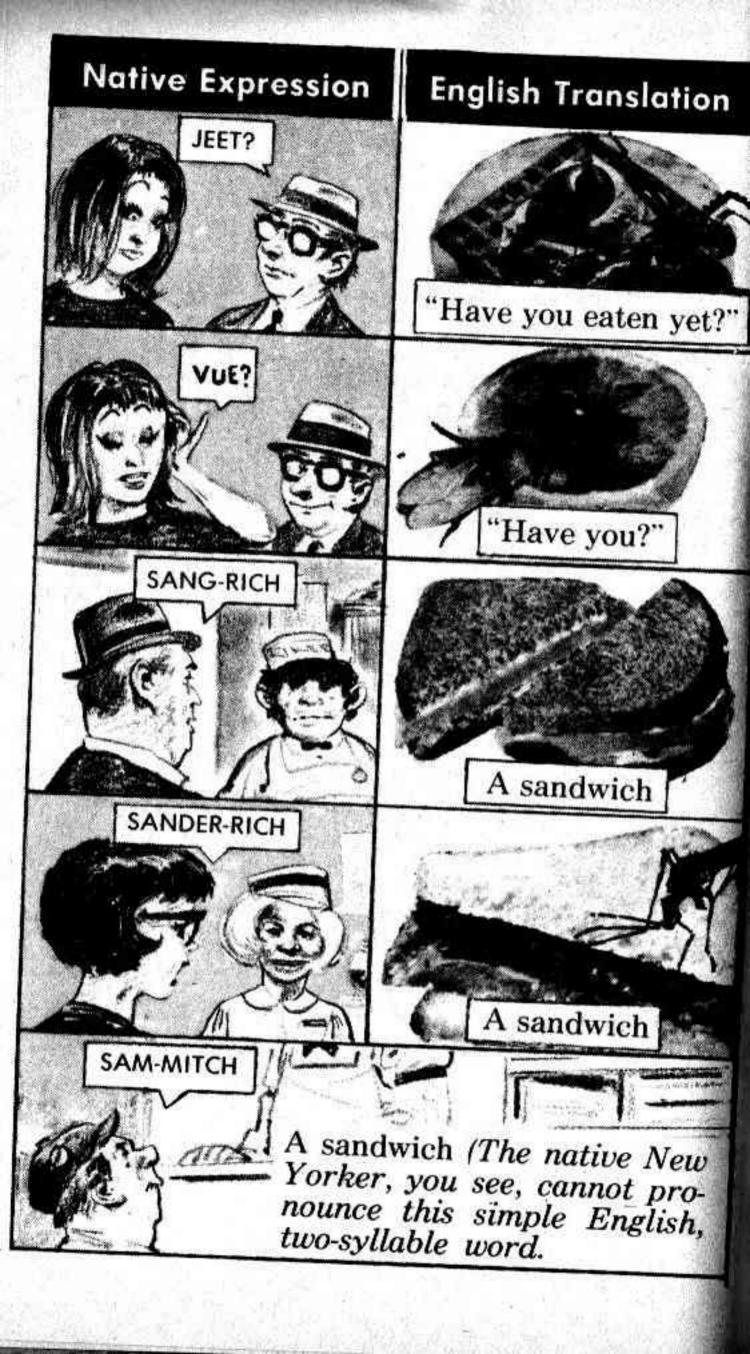
LANGUAGES

Thousands of visitors to New York City and the World's Fair complained they had been unable to crack the language barrier.

So...for tourists in New York, past, present and future...SICK presents its

Vest Pocket Guide To Translating Native NEW Yorkers

Script by Leo Willette
Art by Bob Powell







ONLY GOT TWO HANDS

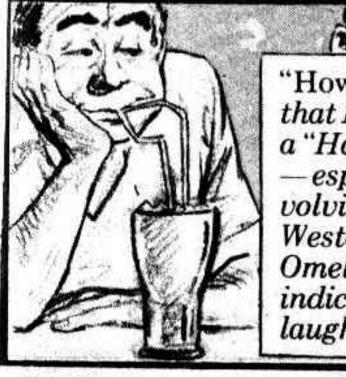
NO TABLES, MAC. WAIT AT THE BAR.



English Translation







"How about a malted?" (Note that New Yorkers seem to add a "Ha" in front of many words—especially those words involving foods. Such as "Ha Westen Ha-malet" for Western Omelet. Maybe the extra "Ha" indicates New Yorkers get a laugh out of eating.)

And if the casual visitor cares to pass himself off as the New York native, remember this:

To sound like the "real thing" never answer a question directly. New Yorkers always answer a question with another. Example:

In fact, there is a classic story involving two men whose uncle never, never failed to answer a question except with another question.

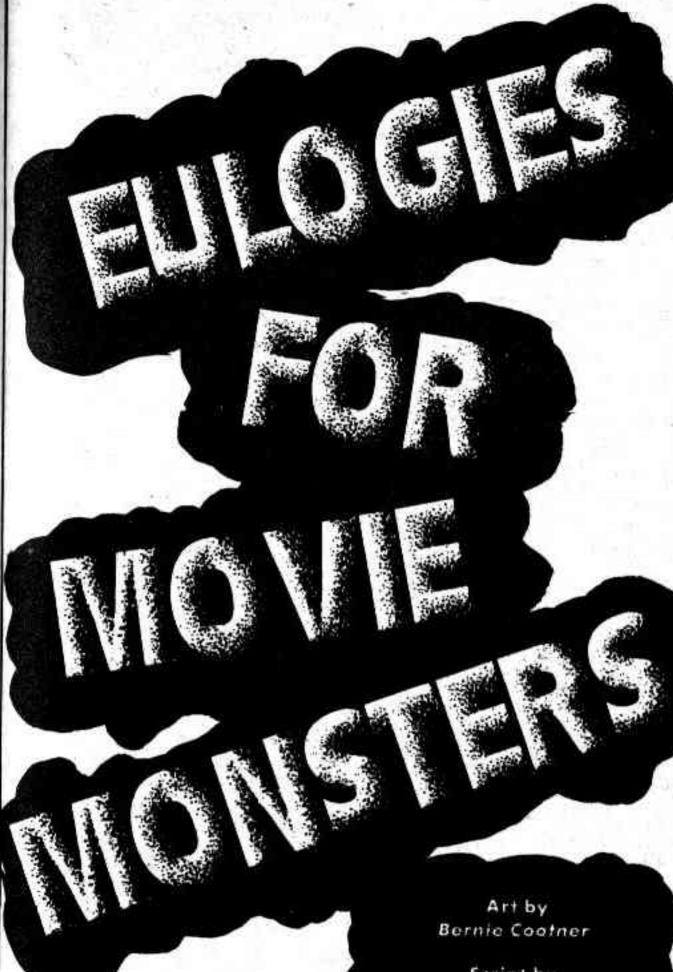
Those two young men sat up all one night designing one question which could not possibly be answered by another one. Finally they arrived at it. The next morning, pouncing upon their uncle before he could ready a reply, the nephews hurled the question:



And speaking of bodies, even those responsible for creating more corpses and assorted gore on the silver screen must have had some good in them.

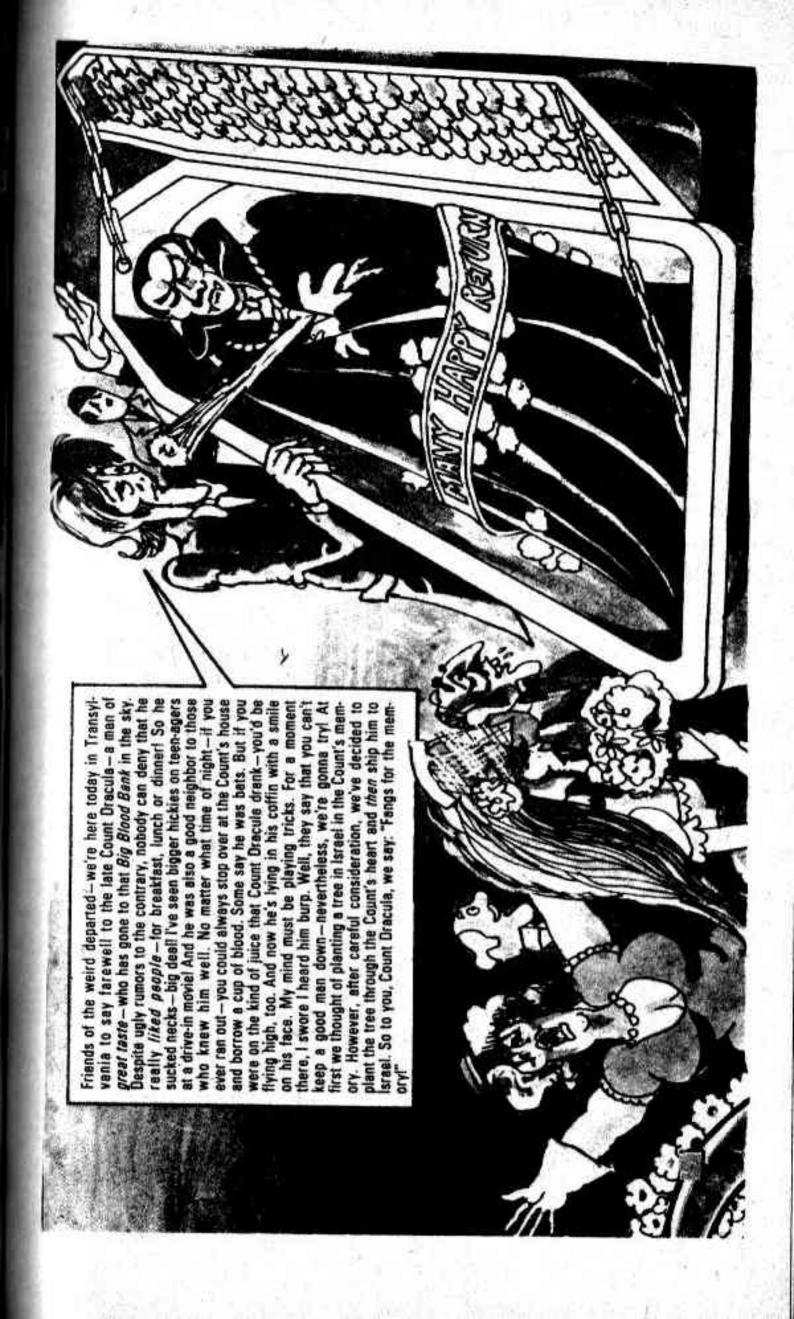
And the man who'd be sure to find something nice to say about almost anybody (including Atilla the Hun)—Georgie Jessel—would be the perfect choice to say a eulogy over the many movie monsters who gave us so much pleasure—when they take that final curtain and

exchange it for a shroud . . .



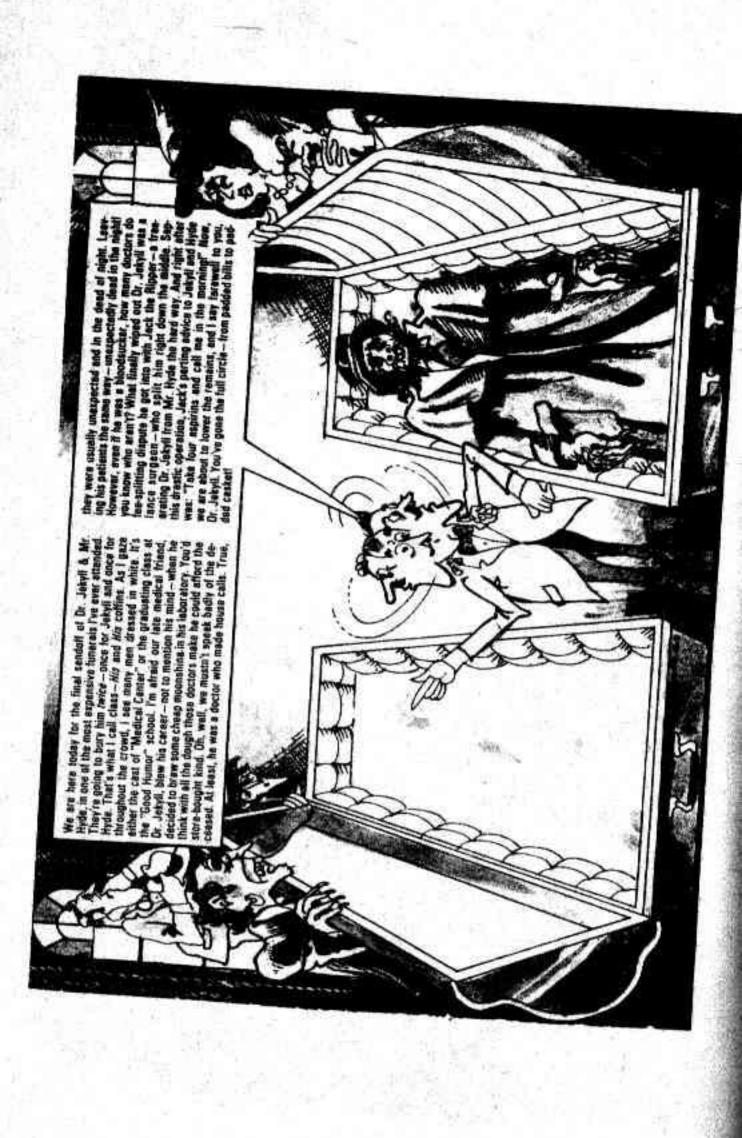
Script by Fred Wolfe

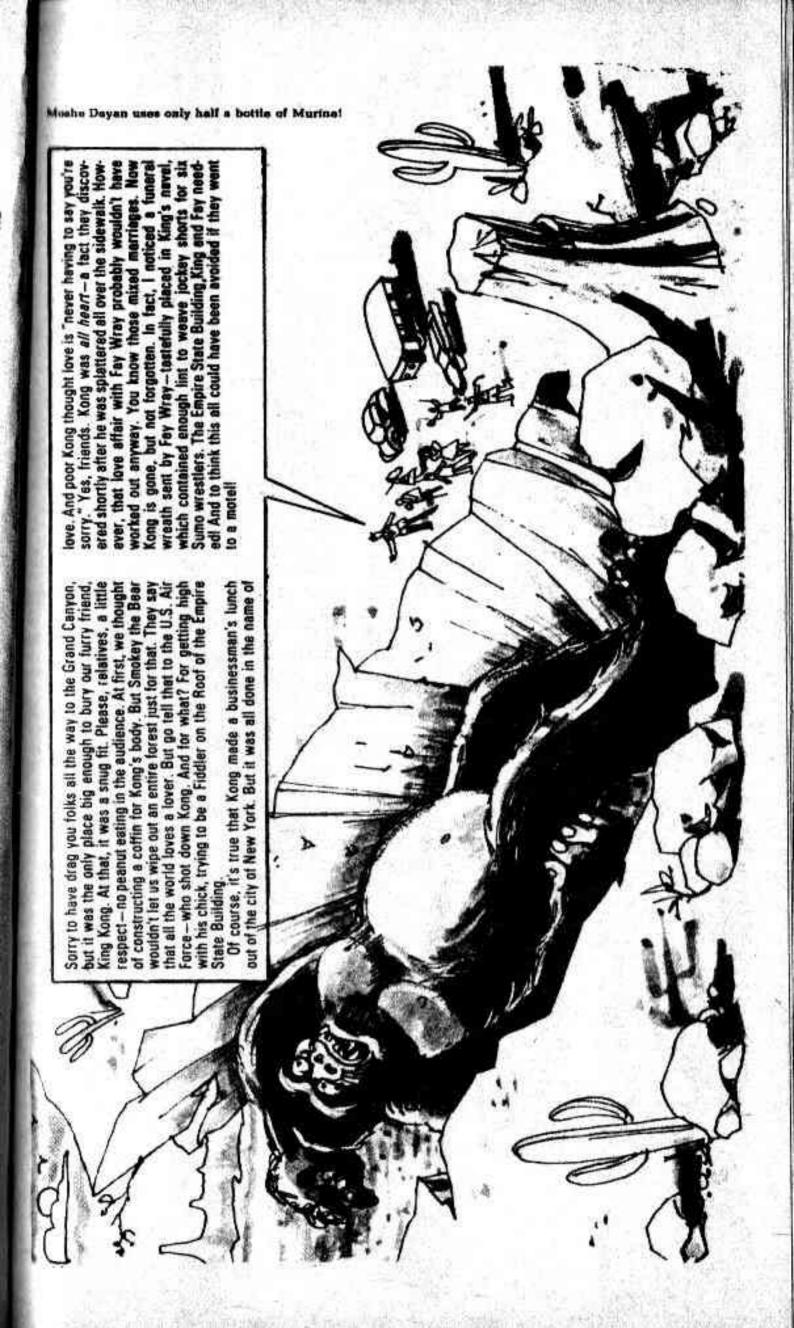
Them sewoq saw nosib3 samodT the mortal remains of Larry Talbot, alias The Wolf Man-who the part-time canine, his buddies chipped in for a tombstone in the shape of a fire hydrant. Truly an inspiring sight—and a led a dog's life - may he rest in leash! In tribute to poor Larry ry carried the little girls' books home from school - in his teeth ers!" At an early age, Lerry didn't always go for the throat. He given by a prison warden. And the chair that Larry sat in frizset his sights much lower—by taking an occasional nip at the sent The Wolf Man to that Kennel on Cloud 9 was when he was And on several occasions—even the little girls! And at cool given the command to "Sitl" Unfortunately, that command was outs, Larry would turn down hamburgers - for "Gaines-Burg got fleas! The neighbors started to get suspicious, when La instead of porry trained. And when other kids got measles-Larry was the only kid on his block who had to be paper-train mailman - when he bent over to pick up a letter. What final was a little pup-their apartment had white carpets! In fa zled his fur and made him one hot dog -- to go! And he went! great relief -- if Larry were alive to see it now. I, have known what agony his famil Friends, relatives and animal lo











Next time you want to con the butcher into selling you his last steak for \$1.65 a pound, try some of these jokes on him. You may not get the steak, but he'll get hoarse laughing, and you may get some of the same!

SHIESTER STRUMS

(as viewed by ARON MAYER)



Statistics show that for \$3 a day you can cat like a horse. If you want to you \$30 a day!

Sign on an auto bumper sticker: "I Have No Beef With Nixon!"

A couple came to "Let's Make A Deal" dressed as a mest lost ... and Monty Hall ate them!

In Ohio, a young housewile claims
In Ohio, a young house of best for love
she can t get a piece of best trying both
or money And she keeps trying a

Here's how food prices are today: Name of the Second Seco To get elected, President Hoover once promised a chicken in every pot. The next President will have to make that same promise! The situation has gotten so ridiculous that in Iowa a mailman bit off a dog's leg! To show you how had things are today, everybody a showing up at the Chicago reports that stack to ad the pound. And that's just for the Teday you should tibes a busin

A look of men's adventure magazines shows that they're all filled with spectacular tales of daring exploits and superhuman deeds. On the other hand, women's magazines have specialized, appealing to particular interests of women. Why then, don't the men's magazines also try to spe-

cialize? They could keep their same sensationalized formats but there would be more personalized identification. All interests could be represented and chances are this would increase sales. To show you what we mean, here are several ideas for...

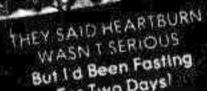
DRIAG Daring

THEY TOLD ME I ONLY THOUGHT I WAS DEAD How Could I Prove Them Wrong?

THE PAINS IN MY HEAD WERE DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND And All I Got Were Two Aspirin

I FIGURED I HAD ONLY SIX HOURS TO LIVE When All I Had Was Gout!

I FINALLY GOT DIABETES They Gave Me So Many Sugar Pills

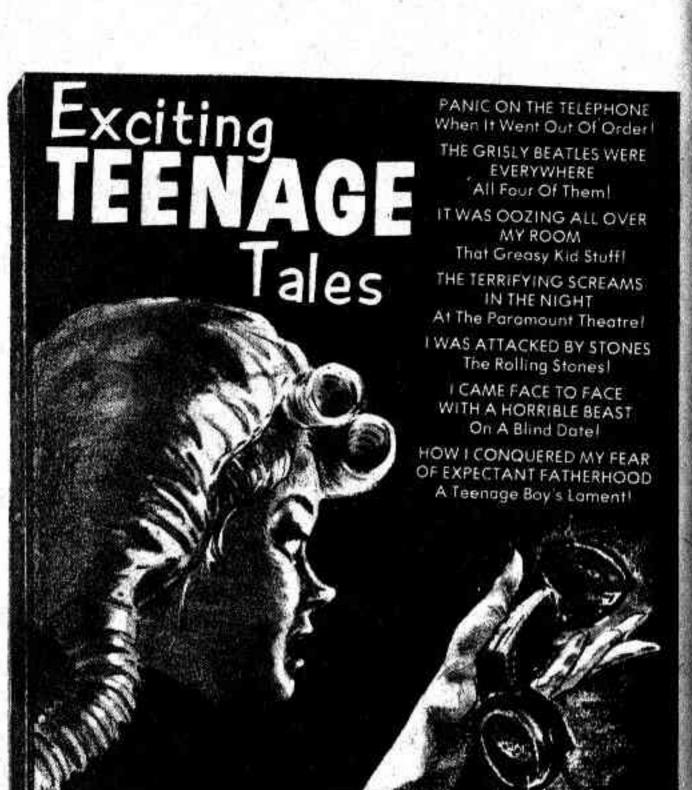


For Two Days

I HAD THE MOST DREADED DISEASE OF ALL Malaria And Frostbite! MY MOST FRIGHTENING

NIGHTMARE I Dreamed I Was Healthyl

SENSATIONAL COLOR SECTION ON GALL BLADDERS



PHOTOS OF BEATLES, ANIMALS AND EXTERMINATORS

Two-Fisted WORKING GIRLS



THE MOST WOLFISH SALESMEN IN THE BUSINESS

THE FRIGHTENING CHASE WITHOUT A STOP Around The Boss' Desk!

HORROR AT THE MOUNTAIN RESORT Twelve Girls To Every Guy!

TWO WEEKS OF TERROR They Didn't Give Me A Vacation!

THE MAD DASH HOME AGAINST A HORDE OF DEVOURING ANIMALS On An Overcrowded Bus!

Neurotics' ARGOSY

I LOST AT RUSSIAN ROULETTE AND LIVED By Cheating!

I WAS SURROUNDED
BY SADISTS
Which Was Great
Since I'm A Mcsachist!

THE WHOLE WORLD WAS PLOTTING AGAINST ME
I Kept Screaming!

THE BLOODSUCKING HEAD-SHRINKERS FROM NAIROBI Couldn't Cure Me Either!

> THE EERIE VOICES FROM THE SHADOWS Were Real | Tell You!

> I WAS CRUSHED IN AN ELEVATOR Man, What A Phobia!



ALCOHOLICS

I WAS IMPRISONED IN A MILK TRUCK My Most Horrible Nightmare!

BLOODY MARY & THE PINK LADY Went Down The Hatch!

I FOUGHT SNAKES AND SPIDERS In The Wino Ward At Bellevue!

THE MIXUP THAT ALMOST KILLED ME Vodka And Cod-Liver-Oil!

I STAGGERED HOME IN AGONY From The Corner Saloon!

.

.

AFTER SHAVE LOTION.
WHAT?
A Poor Alcoholic s
Lament:

SPECIAL LUSH PINUPS FROM SALOON SOCIETY



TRUE

SHE SAID MY APARTMENT WAS HIDEOUS So I Knocked Her Flat!

PLAYBOYS

ATTACKED IN THE AMAZON COUNTRY
Those Girls Were Really Built!

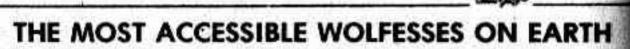
I SAW THE HANDWRITING
ON THE WALL
In A Men's Room!

NIGHT
IN THE Y.W.C.A.
When I Couldn't
Get In!

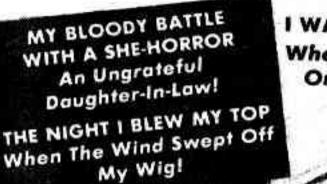
I FOUGHT
TOOTH AND NAIL
But She Still Wouldn't Let Me
In Her Apartment!

THE NIGHT HER HUSBAND
RETURNED
UNEXPECTEDLY
And The Morning After
In The Hospital!

TERROR
AT A MOTEL
She Didn't Tell Me
She Was Under 18!



OLD FOLKS' ADVENTURES



WAS ALMOST BITTEN TO DEATH
When I Sat Down
On My Teeth!



THEY SAID IT COULDN'T HAPPEN My Friday Night Supper Was Cold! THE TERROR I WENT THRU
When My Son Stopped
Calling Once A Week!

1

THEY WHISPERED ABOUT IT
ON BACK PORCHES
My Varicose Veins
Operation!

WALLET-SIZE PHOTOS OF GRANDCHILDREN

12-PAGE SECTION ON UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN

EXTRA BONUS CUTOUTS:



BURN YOUR REPORT CARD

FREEDOM IN OUR PLAYPENS

TIMINIK

BAN HOME-WORK



LOWER TOTAL TOTAL

DON'T TRUST ANYONE OVER 16 KING

FOOEY

SICK Movie Review by FRED WOLFE

Flash! The USA has been invaded! No, don't send for John Wayne—he's too busy filling out his unemployment check since Westerns are out and Far Easterns are in. We're talking about the rash of movies on Kung Fu—which is great, if you like a rash. These cockamamie karate-operas were shot in Hong Kong—but unfortunately, they missed! The only other thing of significance that came out of Hong Kong was the flu. And to tell you the truth,

the flu we enjoyed better!

The part that would gladden Jack Benny's heart is the fact that these cut-rate karate-omelettes cost only \$40,000 to make-20-thousand for film and 20thousand for bandages and splints. For in this kind of picture, when they ask an actor to take a part, they mean take a-part another actor-limb by limb. As you can guess, this type of epic is no "Sound Of Music"-only the sound of broken bones-and the happy humming of oriental orthopedic surgeons. And we mustn't forget the most important factor of all-blood. In fact, these Kung Fu movies furnish enough plasma for Count Dracula and his crowd to burp on throughout eternity. The only "Yellow Peril" is the audience chickening-out and up-chucking from all the gore galore. Not to mention the plotlike the one of: "Five Fingers Of Death." The entire plot of this picture could be smuggled out of China on the back of a postage stamp!

Forget about the stars—this cast of characters reads like a Chinese menu. In fact, we highly recommend the female lead in the picture, who is especially tasty with a side order of duck sauce. And speaking of ducking, if anyone doesn't get out of the way of

the karate chops they wind up as instant chop suey. The hero, Lo Lieh (who he?) begins by going to karate college for a course in advanced spine-snapping -after which he intends to apply for The Peace Corps. He leaves behind him his beloved, Ying Ying, his rubber duck and his teddy bear. As you might deduce, the heros of these movies never go in for sexnot even an obscene fortune cookie. While Lo Lieh is a student at "Kung Fu U.," he is set upon by Samurai swordsmen imported by the evil Meng-the Gung Ho God-who cannot induce the idealistic Lo Lieh to join his motley crew. Whereupon, they gently rap Lo Lieh on his knuckles-with an anvil. At this point, it looks highly doubtful that he will ever play the violin again. However, Lo Lieh is rescued by the beautiful Yen, who has a beautiful yen for Lo Lieh -who however, is too stupid to do anything about it—as he is not that kind of a guy—being the only karate master to wear a black chastity belt. Finally, Lo Lieh is fully healed-and half-soled-and sets out to win all the medals in the All-China Karate Championship Matches. And so drags on this sagging saga of a real "side-splitting" Mark Spitz!

Another example of this photoplay phenomena that's been making such a big noise—usually the sound of booing—is "Fists Of Fury." This stars Bruce Lee—the Far-Eastern Clint Eastwood. Lee used to star as Kato on the TV series "The Green Hornet"—and so he fights like a true son of a bee. Bruce portrays Cheng, a factory worker in Bangkok, employed by a sly Chinee called Mi, who is engaged on the side as drug-pusher and talent-agent for ladies-of-the-evening. Bruce the goose mistakes Mi for a kindly old choir master and readily accepts the invitation to dine at his den. Mi slips Bruce a Mickey, and when he is seen leaving this Mandarin massage parlor, Bruce is scorned by his co-workers who

figure he has sold out for some interesting fringe

benefits!

After being tipped off by one of the "Sidewalk Cinderellas" that Mi is a drug peddler, Bruce goes after the "Cantonese Connection." Only, there's no car chase—it's all done with revved-up rickshaws. Bruce goes alone to the factory, where he finds the "hot" drugs. In fact, they're so hot, Mi has packed them in ice—plus the hacked-up bodies of Bruce's cousin Chen and his friends. And we think that we've got a meat shortage! Mi's henchmen catch Bruce in the act—which is the first piece of acting he's done in the whole picture—but Bruce triumphs over all. When the smoke clears we see that Bruce has driven them all into the ground. No wonder they took away his chauffeur's license!

In the meantime, Mi's assassins slip up on the rest of Chen's clan while they're taking 40 winks—and give them 40 whacks—then kidnap Chen's sister, Mei. Bruce sets out to rescue Mei from a fate worse than death—being cast in another one of these movies. And as for Mi—oh, boy—is he going to get it! Bruce creeps up on Mi's palatial estate—and his jockey shorts creep up on Bruce. Although the place is protected by guard dogs, Bruce gets rid of the cantankerous canines by swiping their fire hydrant. Needless to say, Bruce gives Mi more lumps than you find in a pint of Won-Ton soup and saves the day. To sum it up: Forget those boats floating on the Yangtse River—this kind of picture is real Chinese junk!

The real biggie is "Deep Thrust"—no, not "Throat"—we ain't getting this magazine raided! The opening scene is enough to bring tears to the eyes of any New

Yorker, as he views about 19 thugs using Kung Fu, Karate, Jiu Jitsu and Judo on some poor slob in a wooded area. This is because it's happening in Central Park. The incident is witnessed by a slick Chinese chick, who waits until the hoods beat the bejabbers out of the hero before lending a helping hand. See, even in China, they don't want to get involved. When she reaches the poor guy's side, he is barely able to whisper an ancient Chinese piece of wisdom—which roughly translates into: "Oh, boy, just try

to find a cop when you need one!"

The scene fades to a gambling casino, where a groovy oriental dish (Meg Foo Young) is faded by the croupier and, in short order, proceeds to break the bank - with her fist! She asks for Ling Ha Choo, and some wiseacre calls out "Gesundheit!" Unable to find the man she is seeking, she then asks for her winnings-to take out. The manager, unhappy about the way she handled the dice-never having seen an egg roll before-refuses to hand over the fat purse. Whereupon, she hands him a fat lip, coming on like Jane Bond. At least 007 hired hands attempt to jump her-only it's for her money! (Boy, is this picture old-fashioned!) However, she mops up the floor with this Cantonese Cosa Nostra with an outstanding display of Martial Arts (Martial being a torpedo she hired in Chicago.) Cheers ring out from the back of the theater as she mangles all the men in sight. Man, that Betty Friedan is everywhere!

It seems that this Ms. Kitty Karate, who messed up the Mandarin Mafia, is looking for this Ha Choo cat, because three years ago he had done her little sister wrong and she is seeking revenge—or at the very least, his telephone number. She is fantastically equipped for battle—38-26-38—and also for fighting, probably having learned to defend herself during the subway rush hour. She is the completely liberated woman who goes berserk at the mention of two words—Hugh Hefner. She hates men to such an extent that, if you'd ever shake hands with this lethal lily, forever after you'd be known as Lefty!

However, Ha Choo's chick, who nursed him back to health after he was the "muggee" in the opening scene, digs him the most. And, speaking of getting dug, Ha Choo stupidly returns to the nogoodnick crew who gave him his lumps. Whereupon they play patty-cake with him—using a concrete cake—and then decide to bury him alive. Wow, that Internal Revenue Service doesn't horse around! Instead of the cavalry coming to the rescue, Ha Choo is saved by Superbroad, who knocks off two columns of hoods—first, one from Column A then, one from Column B!

Ha Choo's girl, who was hanging around the door of criminal headquarters while he was getting clobbered, is then seen given away as a door prize to the imported Japanese warrior who mugged him. This den of iniquity is being run by a 9th grade karate guy. No, he isn't that good—he just never got past the ninth grade in school. His partner in crime is a middle-aged momma with slit skirts and a long cigarette holder. (So that's what happened to the Dragon Lady!) When she sees the young girl who's betrothed to Ha Choo, she becomes enraged and starts to whip and whip and whip—and before long, they have a tub of butter!

In order to see that nobody else kills off Ha Choo before she gets a crack at him—preferably in his skull—the Superbroad proceeds to take apart the Samurai warrior. She has no problem dismantling this product of Japan—since he was originally put together with cheap labor. Meanwhile, back at the temple, where she had left him to recuperate, Ha Choo runs into an old man—with his Honda. To show his gratitude for removing the tire marks from his face, the old Chinaman reveals to Ha Choo—the chronic loser—a book containing the last word in self-defense. For a few extra bucks, he also supplies him with all the other words that went before the last word. This discipline is called "Tai Chee." It can only work however, if you can catch Chee off-

guard and tie him up!

From here on, this picture makes every Sam Peckinpah violence epic look like a Girl Scout outing. The Yangtse gangsters catch good scout Ha Choo at the temple, but this time he isn't peddling any cookies. With his newly-acquired mangling technique, there is soon more plasma showing than at a Vampire's picnic. They soon discover to their dismay that Ha Choo is no longer an underdog. They find this out, when they place a bowl of "Alpo" in front of him and he refuses to eat. To get even, the nasties kill off the old man—by hardening his arteries with starch from their laundry!

Ha Choo is now ready for the showdown with his old enemy. Actually, he was a young enemy—but the picture is so violent he feels beat. They decide to hold the big event at a rock quarry. But something gets lost in translation and they found themselves at a rock concert instead. With Superbroad as the referee, the two contestants gird their loins for battle. Only their girds keep slipping, not to mention their bras. In one-two Ha Choo floors his opponent. Then his opponent gets up and ceilings Ha Choo. Ha Choo beats his adversary to the punch—drinks the whole bowl—and then proceeds with the

fight!

Having read the rest of the script in this interval, the villain finally dies from terminal boredom. Before Superbroad can finish off poor Hà Choo, his girlfriend puts her foot down and pleads for Ha Choo's life. Fortunately, she put her foot down on Superbroad's ankle—with golf cleats! And so, Superbroad nobly gives up her vendetta and wishes them well. Which is exactly what this picture needed—a "get well" greeting, as it's the sickest yet. With all these tough guy tactics, they may eventually have to turn to another type of movie for a change of pace. Something like "Five Fingers Of Fire Island." This is the story of a hairdresser who smashes mashed potatoes with his limp wrist!

Art by TONY TALLARICO atters worse, the Indian is still being discriminated against. Which is what folks'll dinority group in America. We speak of none other than the American Indian. To make There's a group today that holds the record for being the longest-discriminated-against probably be doing to us, after reading our article on Indians—sppropriately titled. Script by JOE CATALANO



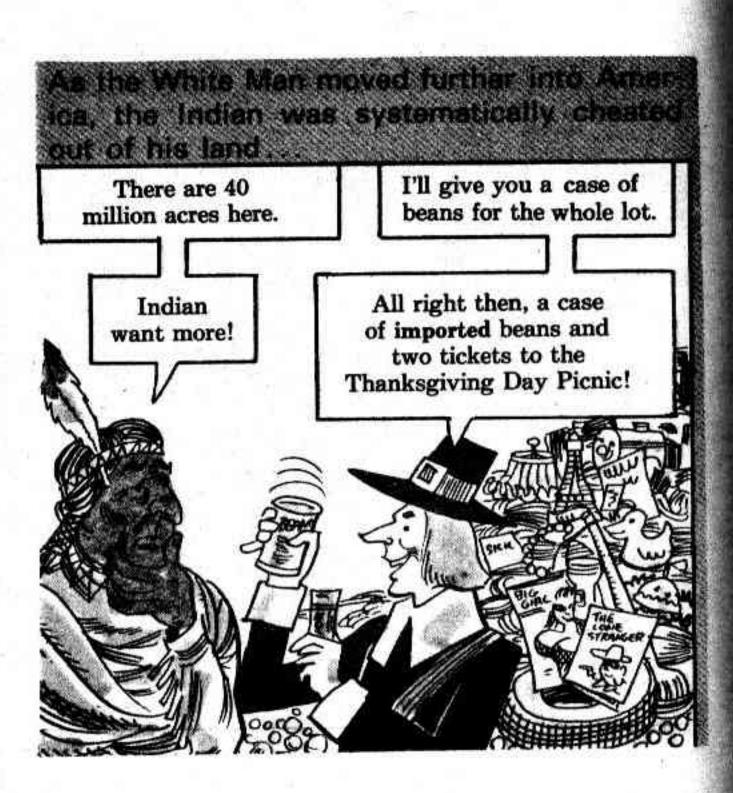


Estimates of the population at the time of Columbus can only be guessed as they were scattered everywhere...

How! Me introduce White Man to wife but she sunbathing in Miami.

My, Chief, no wonder she has such a red skin!





In an attempt to keep what was theirs, they soon made the White Man their enemy and want on the warpath.

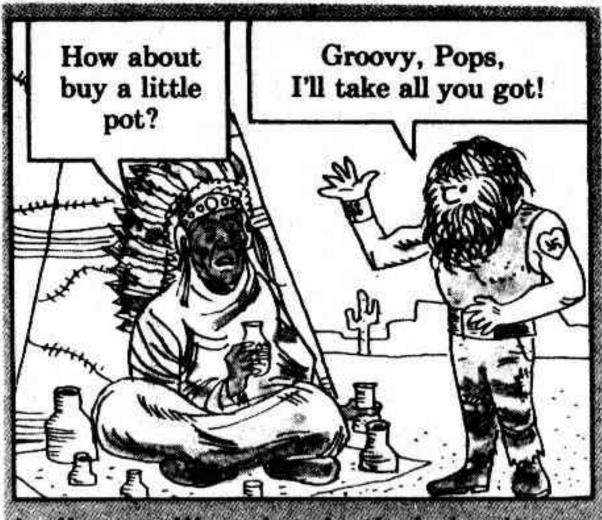
Me scalp you!

No, me rather have a scalp!

No, me rather have a scalp!

INDIAN BUSINESS

Although greatly discriminated against, there are certain businesses that only an Indian can do well...



Indians still maintain their heritage of producing fine pottery.



Indians still maintain their image of posing for American coins

INDIAN FALLACY

As with every minority group, falsehoods arise such as these fallacies that have sprung up everywhere...



Indians are strange because they wear beads and makeup constantly



Indians can only speak if they are doing it in a sign language:

INDIAN FUTURE

Unless the Indian is given what is right-fully his, he may resort to drastic means, like go back on the warpath...



Indians may even attempt to regain Manhattan Island for themselves

Chief, now that you're back in control, will you treat us as well as we've treated you?

What you think Indians are savages?



Under Indian control the White Man will finally be put in his place.



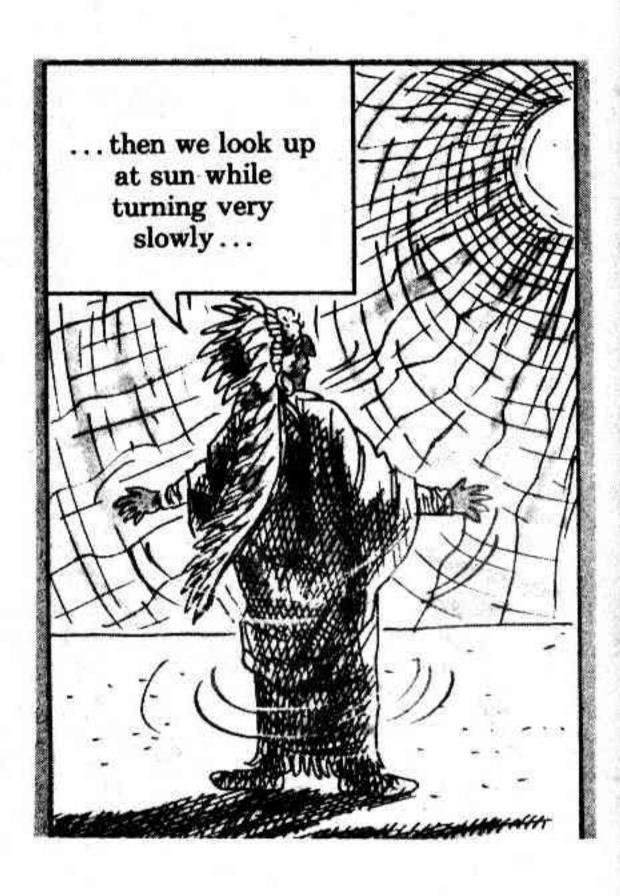
I understand that Indians today not only work on reservations but also have outside employment as well. What do they do? Weekdays instead of being victims of stolen land, we become underpaid minority factory workers!



One more thing, Chief, would you explain how an Indian tells time?

First we plant stick in ground...





... then we raise arm over head and look at Timex on wrist!

Thank you, Chief ... and now back to civilization!

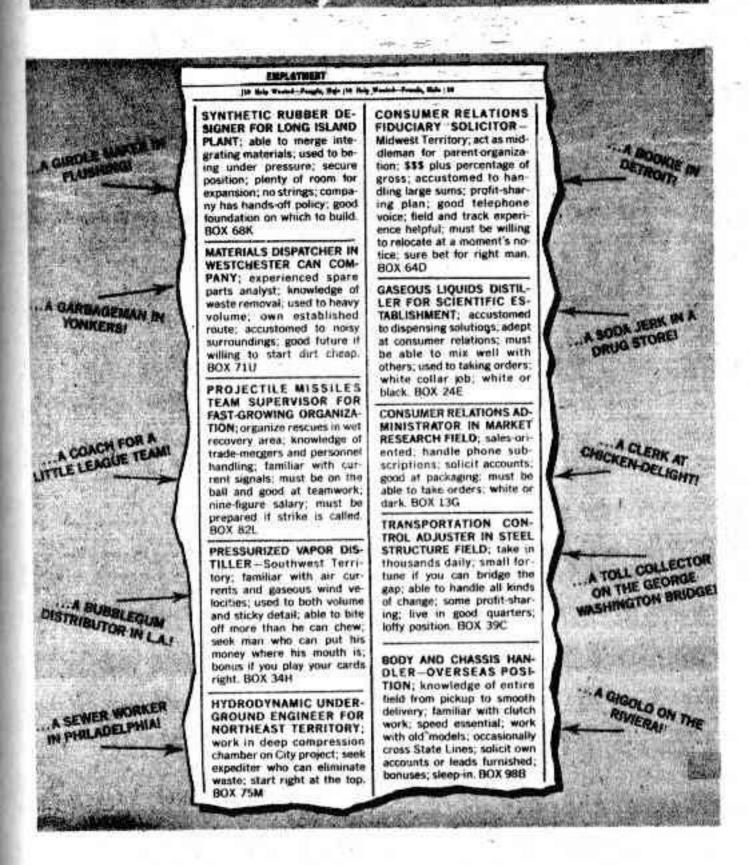


We all know that guys try to impress girls by lying about their line of work—namely, making their humdrum jobs seem more glamorous than they are. Even girls are guilty of this. But when Help-Wanted Ads for those same humdrum jobs do it, the whole thing gets way out of line. For example, here are some attractive sounding Help-Wanted Ads clipped out of newspapers—and the actual job it really is...

GLAMOROUS HELP

WANTEDADS

AND THE DISMAL JOBS THEY REALLY MEAN



TV COMMERCIALS

THE

MOUTHWASH.

by B. Wiseman



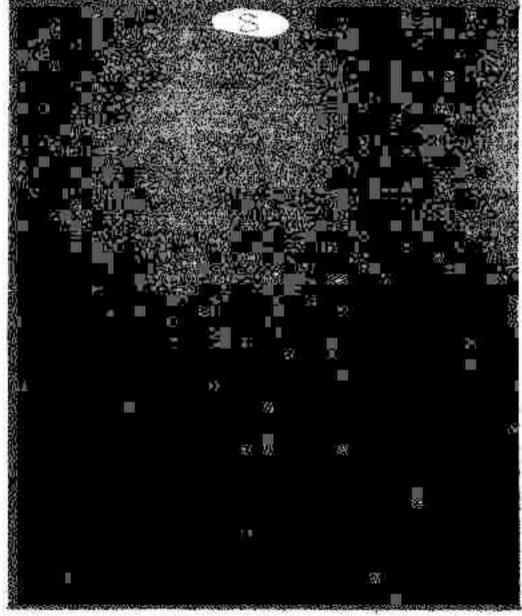














ASKED BY TEACHERS When did General Custer make his last stand? When he was surrounded by three thousand screaming Indians.

- What was Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?
 132 Eim Street, Gettysburg, Pa.
- Q. What were Alexander Graham Bell's famous first words?
- A. 600-goo.
- O. What is the City of Brotherly Love? A. Greenwich Village.
- O. Where does the painting "The Last Supper" hang? A. From a neil in the back.

- O. Why did Edward the Eighth give up his crown?

 A. Because the crown is a seven and Edward weers a six and seven-eighths.
- What is the Ford Foundation?
- A. A corset invented by Henry Ford.

- Why was the Popy Express established? Because there was no fast way to ship ponies.
- O. Who was Boss Tweed?

 A. President of the Tweed Cleak and Suit Company.
- What is the top money-making film of all time? Richard Burton's home movies.

- What were the Middle Ages? Same as now -- between 40 and 50.
- Who started the Grayfuss offeir? A sexy blonde weitress named Fili.
- What was Samuel Clemens' pen name.
- He never had a name for his pen.
- What was the Age of Leonardo? About 53.
- Who said "Beauty is only skin deep?" A very ogly girl with deep skin.

HOROSCOPE FOR LOSERS

Script by JOE KIERNAN TONY TALLARICO

Art by



ARIES March 21-April 19

An ideal month for travel. Start by going to Mexico and drinking the water. Then ride in an open Volkswagen thru the streets of Tel Aviv. Welk off the plane in Moscow holding a camera. Take a weekend vacation in Hanoi. Go to Paking and tell them Chiang-Kai-Shek sent you. Rent a bungalow in the Okefenekse Swamp. In between you might hijock Air Force I.

> PISCES Feb. 19-March 20



Discover new foods this month. Go in a forest and eat exotic-looking mushrooms. Walk into a Jewish Delicatessen and order pastrami on date-nut breed.
In between, nibble on ten-day old bread. Eat a big can of tuna fish. Open up
a box of cyclamates. Wash it all down with a quart of Sneaky Pete. To top it
all off, you should start smoking again. Non-filtered cigarettes.

AQUARIUS Jan. 20-Feb. 18

The month for fresh air and exercise. First take a good whiff of New York City eir. Then go for a swim in the Hudson River. After that, jog across Fifth Avenue during the Lunch Hour. Finally, get yourself a rubdown by a masseur whose wrists limp. Now you're ready for some real exercise. Go take a long walk off a short pier.





TAURUS April 20-May 20

A good month for business. Go out end buy 30 shares of Edsel. Also Trans-Cuban Airline. Invest in color radio. Buy up 1952 Calendars in case that year ever comes back. You might also buy up land in the Florida Everglades. Open up a chain of empty stores. After it's all over, relax. Take an ocean voyage. Book passage on the Andrea Doria.

GEMINI May 21-June 20



This is the month to live dengerously. Take a stroll thru Central Park at night. In the daytime, stroll thru Harlam wearing a Maddox button. Go to Texas and put yourself in protective custody of the Dallas Police. In Washington, D.C., sit in the balcony of the Ford's Theatre on Lincoln's Birthday. Then play Russian Roulette with six certridges.



CANCER June 21-July 22

This month is one for pleasure. Start by traveling with the upper set—the lower set leave home in a glass of water. Be seen in all the best places by joining a Mudist Camp. Make a date with Phyllis Diller. Get kissed on the cheek by a Maria chieftain. Make an obscene phone call to J. Edgar Hoover. Dress up in a blue suit, blue tie, blue hat, blue coat, brown shoes.

LEO July 23-August 22

The friendship month. Invite your mother-in-law for the week. Help an old lady across the street—even if she doesn't want to go. Make friends with the teenage gang coming at you from the alley. Rescue a puppy in the middle of the street and get arrested for jaywalking. Finally, get a fur coat for your wife. Or some other trade such as that.



VIRGO August 23-Sept. 22

The age of new adventures. Park your new car in the ghetto section of town. Have thieves steel your car but leave your hubcaps. Buy that mink stole from the guy in the alley. Don't pay your loan shark back. Fail your Wasserman Test. Go to the zoo and feed the pigeons—to the lions. Burn your draft card—while it's in the office of your Draft Board.

LIBRA Sept. 23-Oct. 22



This is the month to buy things. Go out window shopping and buy three windows. Buy up Bert Parks recordings. Buy this month's winning lottery ticket, but lose it an hour before the drawing. Get on a neat kick and buy a lot of newspapers to put under the cuckeo clock. Finally, buy yourself a strait-jacket. To pay for all this, try borrowing money from a friend.



CAPRICORN Dec. 22-Jan. 19

The month to try new things. Fly a kits in a thunderstorm. Walk under a ladder in a cement factory. Light a match to examine a gas tank. Shave with a rusty blade. Dive into a vet of Jergens' Lotion and soften away. Walk along a railroad track. Steal a famous painting from a museum and then try to sell it. Last of all, don't cheat on your income Tax.

SAGITTARIUS Nov. 22-Dec. 21



The offbeet is this month's theme. Go sell Angela Davis a ticket to the Policemen's Ball. Walk into an Antique Store and say, "What's New?" Buy Poleroid stock, hold it for ten seconds, then sell. Get a job as window-cleaner in a submarine. Or night watchman in a Day Camp. Or social director on a tugboet. Finally, join the B'nai B'rith and the Ku-Klux-Klan at the same time.



SCORPIO Oct. 23-Nov. 21

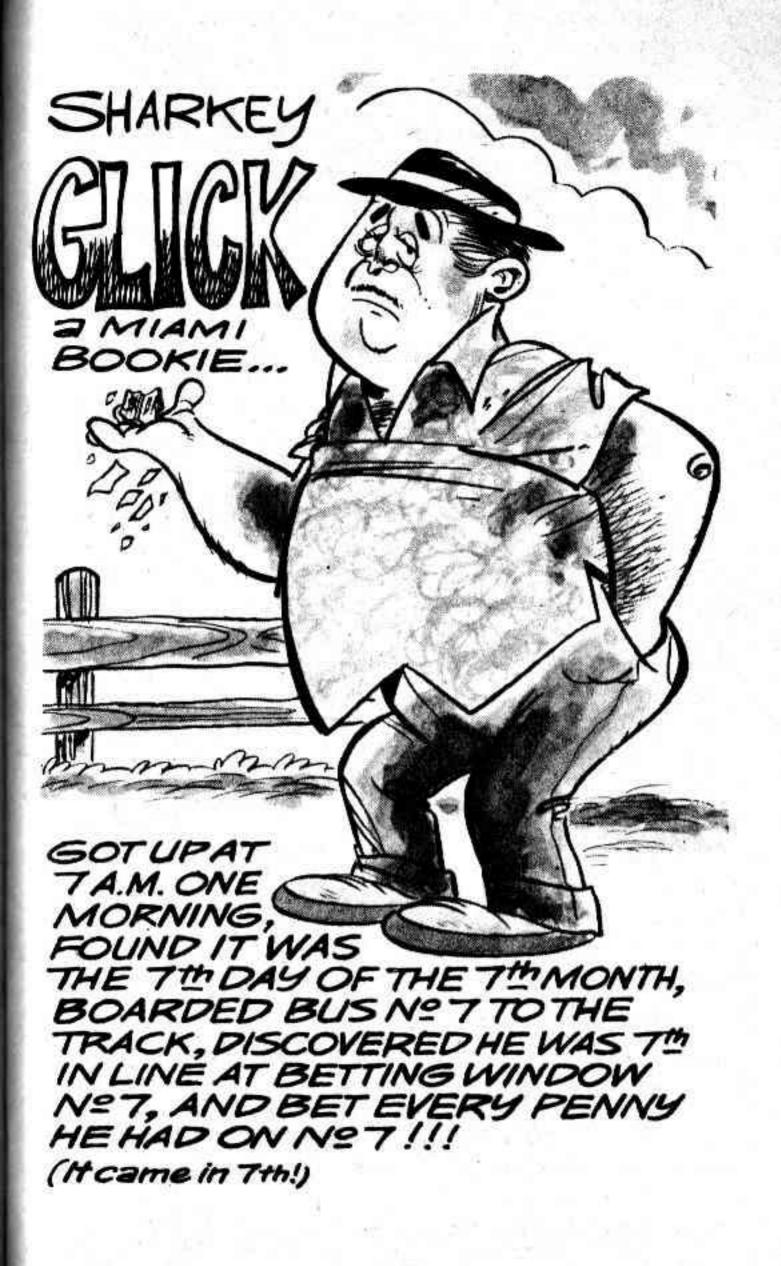
The month to essert yourself. Go over and call Joe Frazier chicken. Then call Muhammad Ali "Whitey." Knock on Frank Sinetre's hotel room door and complain about the noise. Go to the aid of a mugging victim in a dark alley. Take the bull by the homs, even tho' you find you can't get milk that way. Finally, when the holdup man asks for your money—don't give it to him.

SICK as it seems



(Tothis day, doctors can't explain this girl with six feet!!!)

by LANGTONS



A 400 Ib CANARY Raised by Albert Seedie, Detroit



LONG IT GOES: "Here Kitty,..."

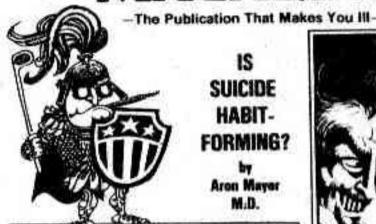


According to latest statistics:
---THERE IS DEFINITELY LIFE ON MARS!
(but only on Saturday nights.)

If you think we're Sick, just wait till you read this magazine we found in our doctor's waiting room. It's a magazine by and for doctors, so like naturally it's called ...

101 EXCUSES FOR NOT MAKING HOUSE CALLS

25 oc's OCT.



IS SUICIDE HABIT-FORMING?

> by Aron Mayer M.D.

Touching Up Those X-Rays To Make The Patient Look Better

A Medic's Frank Confession: I Couldn't Make It As A Doctor-My Handwriting Was Too Legible!

What I Diagnosed As Yellow Jaundice Turned Out To Be A Japanese Patienti

I Gove My Patient So Much Saccharine - He Developed Artificial Diabetes!

How To Prescribe Over The Telephone - And Never Ever See A Patient!

Hong Kong Flu: An Hour After You're Cured You Come Down With It Again!

The Fighting Over Medicaire Is Great For Us -It's Making Everybody Sickl

Small Print in Modical Group Plans: No Payments Unless The Whole Group Gets Sick!



HIELD BILL 86 WAYS TO PAD A BLUE S

Script by Aron Mayer

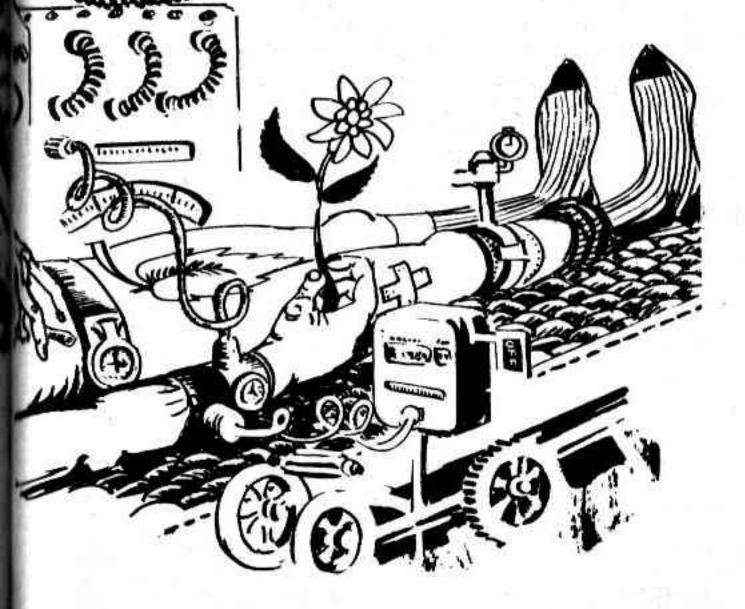
Art by Arnoldo Fran



As soon as he walked into my office I knew he was in pain. He looked terrible—pale, glassyeyed, lethargic. Yet I didn't know what was wrong with him. Although he showed every symptom in the book, I couldn't put my finger on the trouble. So I gave him an EKG, a blood (Continued on next page)



It was the first time a heart ever rejected a body . . .



count, 28 cc's of Gamma-Globulin and a spinal tap. He didn't respond at all. In fact, he seemed to be in greater agony than before. So I continued the examination. I gave him a triple shot of morphine, 14 grams of sodium penthatol, a brain wave reading and two aspirins—just to be on the safe side. Still no inkling as to what was wrong!

I tell you, I was at my wit's end. It was the most baffling case I had ever encountered. I soon found myself giving him every test in the book—including some that were banned in Boston. I poked, jabbed, tapped, injected—everything but the kitchen sink. And soon I found myself throwing him in there—just so I could try everything.

And so I tried the last resort. I threw him on the table, opened up his chest and right there on the spot I did a heart transplant! What can I tell you—I was so carried away I actually ripped it out of a patient in the next room! But it worked. The man now seemed to relax. He just laid there, stared up at the ceiling, and all pain vanished from his face. It was a miracle, I tell you!

Yes, this was the most unforgettable heart transplant I ever made. And what makes it so unforgettable is that it turned out the man wasn't even a patient. He just came in to read the gas meter!

MEDUCAL MELOUGES

TOP TWENTY SONGS OF ALL TIME

- Lump Your Magic Swell Is Everywhere
- That Old Gangrene Of Mine
- Try A Little Tender-Nurse
- A Fellow Needs A Gall
- Liver Come Back To Me
- Pop Goes The Wheelchair
- While Strolling Thru The Pancreas One Day
- You Go To My Health
- I've Got Plenty Of Novacaine
- · What Can I Say Dear After I Say I'm Sterile
- I've Got You Under My Spleen
- I Don't Want To Set The Ward On Fire
- One O'clock Jab
- I'm Sitting On Top Of The Wound
- · If They Ask Me I Could Write A Bill
- · Virus I Born?
- Aorta Be In Pictures
- The Saccharine Time Around
- Darling Je Vous Aime Boo-Boo
- · Full Moon And MD Arms

TAKE THIS TEST AND SEE

0 0 0

9

2

YES [YES YES YES Do you insist your bill be paid in cash so you don't have to declare it? Have you written prescriptions for at least \$1000 worth of worthless Have you prescribed at least one unnecessary operation this year? Do you send your patients to specialists for every different kind of drugs this year? **allment?**

Non

YES

Between patients, do you sneak off into the back room for a cigarette?

Do you have magazines in your waiting room that are no more recent

than 19327

0 0 0

YES

2

-SCORING-

If you answered all of these questions "YES" this means you're a perfect doctor and should clean up a fortune in this racket. if you answered all of these questions "NO" this means you're a lousy doctor and should be kicked out on your shingle. If you didn't bother to answer ANY of these questions this means you're a rotten killjoy-mainly it's people like you that get US sickl

STATES AND STATES OF STREET

MEDICAL PREDICTIONS FOR 1984

A LOOK AT WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS

- DRIVE-IN HOSPITALS
- SPORTS-CAR AMBULANCES
- MINK TRUSSES FOR HERNIAS
- ORAL ENEMAS
- STEEL LUNGS
- FORM-FITTING BEDPANS
- NEHRU STRAIT-JACKETS
- OXYGEN TENTS WITH ARIZONA AIR
- DOCTOR'S LITTLE BLACK ATTACHE CASES
- CHICKEN SOUP THAT CONTAINS PENICILLIN
- 4-COLOR X-RAY PICTURES
- · CREATION OF RED, WHITE AND BLUE CELLS
- SMELLING SALTS WITH CHLOROPHYL
- MORE CURES FOR UNKNOWN DISEASES
- MORE FIGHTING OVER MEDICAIRE
- NO MORE ARTICLES LIKE THIS ONE

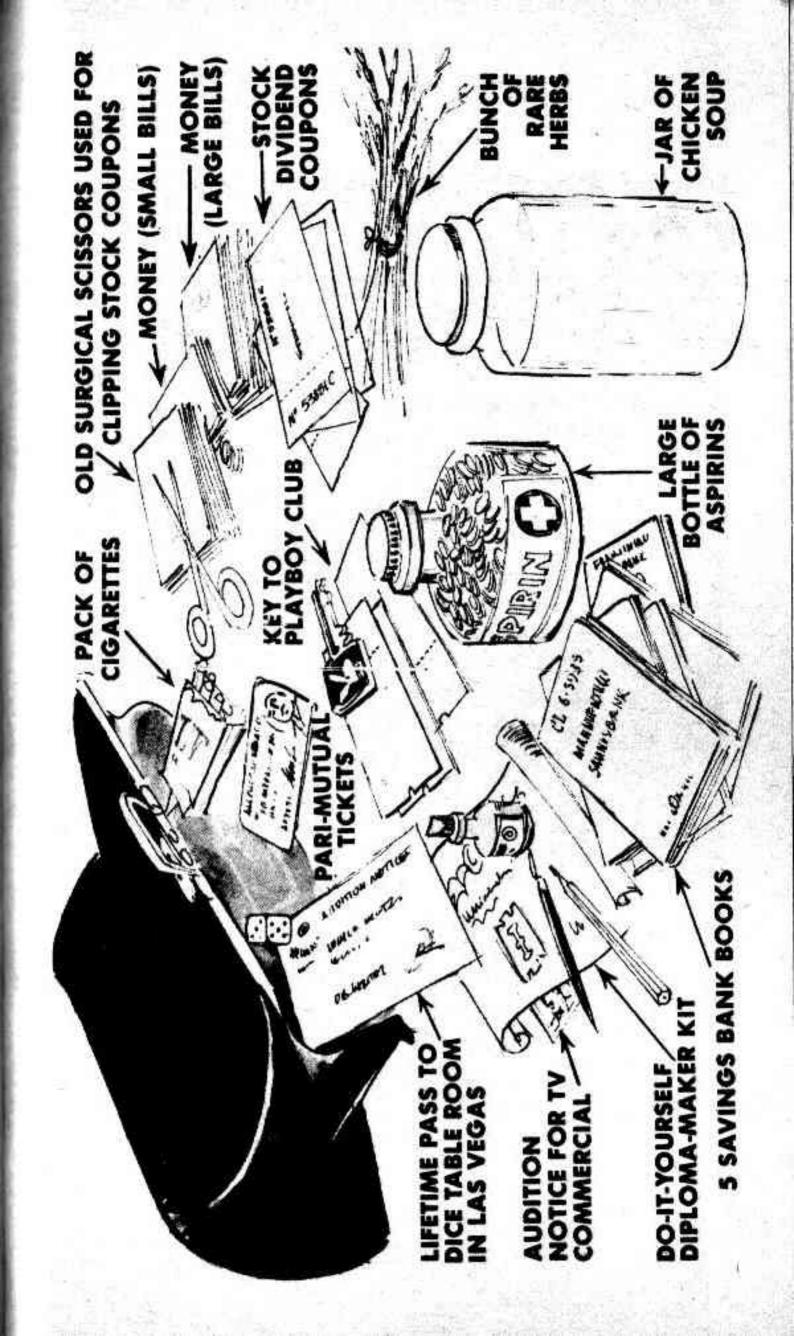
MEDICAL GLOSSARY

ABSCESS-Not present RHEUMATIC—Upstairs sleeping quarters MEDICAIRE - Doctor's aroma TUMOR - Another pair LUMBAR REGION - A wooded area INSULIN - Very rude MASTOIDS - Elephantitis disease CAESARIAN SECTION—Part of a salad DERMATOLOGY-The science of stuffing derma THYROID - A flushed thigh FIBULA - A doctor's little white lie CEREBELLUM - Operate on stomach CARDIAC - A chronic gambler ENEMA-Something unfriendly ORCHIDECTOMY - A floral arrangement GASTRO-A convertible couch RADIOLOGY - Science of short waves **HUMERUS**—Funny bone ENDOCRINE - Crime wave over CLAVICLE - A musical instrument DIARRHEA - A medical diary

Most people think that doctors carry medical equipment in their little black bags. This is far from the case. A survey of 1200 medical men showed that the following is...

WHAT'S' REALLY INSIDE

THE DOCTOR'S' BAG



MOVIE MORGUE

A LOOK AT MEDICINE'S ALL-TIME GREAT MOVIES

- GONE WITH THE WOUND
- THE BEST-YEARS OF OUR LUNGS
- THE PAINS CAME
- HOW GREEN WAS MY VARICOSE
- CONVULTIONS OF A NAZI SPY
- A NIGHT AT THE OPERATION
- THE CORN IS GANGRENE
- MAGNIFICENT OBSTRUCTION
- PENICILLIN SERENADE
- RETURN TO PATIENT PLACE
- IT CAME FROM OUTER THE SPINE
- ROCCO AND HIS BURSITIS
- IT HEMORRHAGED ONE NIGHT
- THE OXYGEN BOW INCIDENT
- BEN HURT
- THEY DIED WITH THEIR BLUE CROSS
- THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG
- ARSENIC AND OLD LUMP
- ONE OF OUR ARMPITS IS MISSING
- THE LIFE THAT FAILED
- THREE MEN ON A HEARSE
- KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HIVES
- LA DOLCE VIRUS

From the studio that gave you

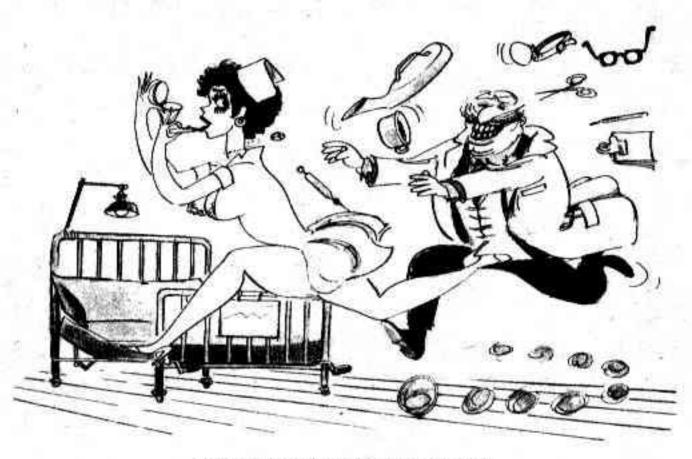
- THE CYST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER
 - MR. HOBBS TAKES A VACCINATION
 - COME BLOW YOUR HEALTH

now comes the sickest movie of them all

Pain Productions Present

DOCTOR, NO!

An Im-Patient Picture In Stethescope With Mouning Sound



STARRING (in order of their disoppearance)

Regis Tumor Guy Lumbago Gall Storm Katherine Heartburn Orsen Swalles Joan Arthritis
Jooy Bashup
Hernia Gingold
Eva Marie St. Vitus
Ethal Marmur

ida Lumpino Tuesday Welt Roddy McTowel Lorne Gangreens Barbara Rash

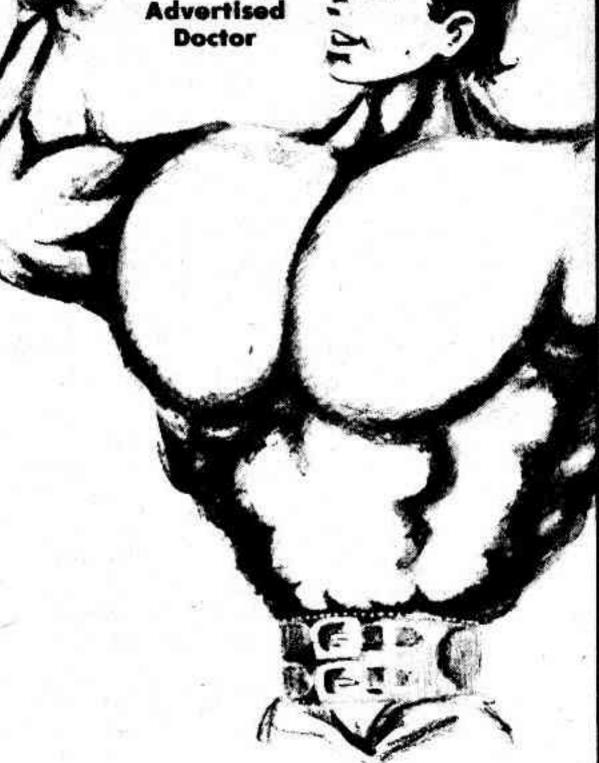
and Buri Hives breaking out in a new role

YOU MUST SEE IT FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SYMPTOMS!
Not since "Captain, Blood" has there been anything like it!

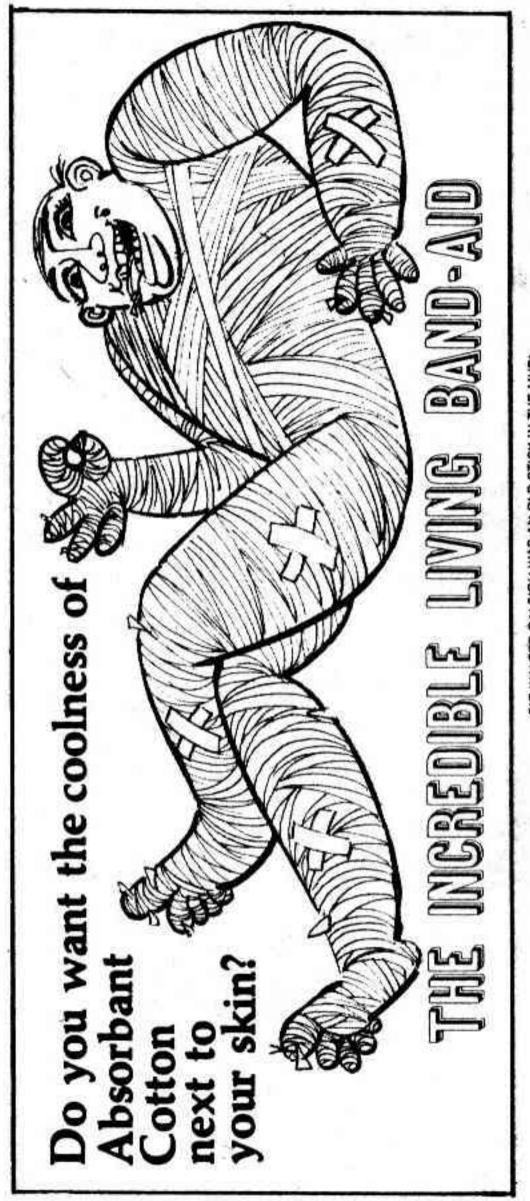
can make a new man of you in only 3 hours,"

> says RISTIAN

World's Most Perfectly Advertised Doctor



Come in today for a real heart-to-heart talk



SIR WALTER RALEIGH WAS AN OLD STICK-IN-THE-MUDI

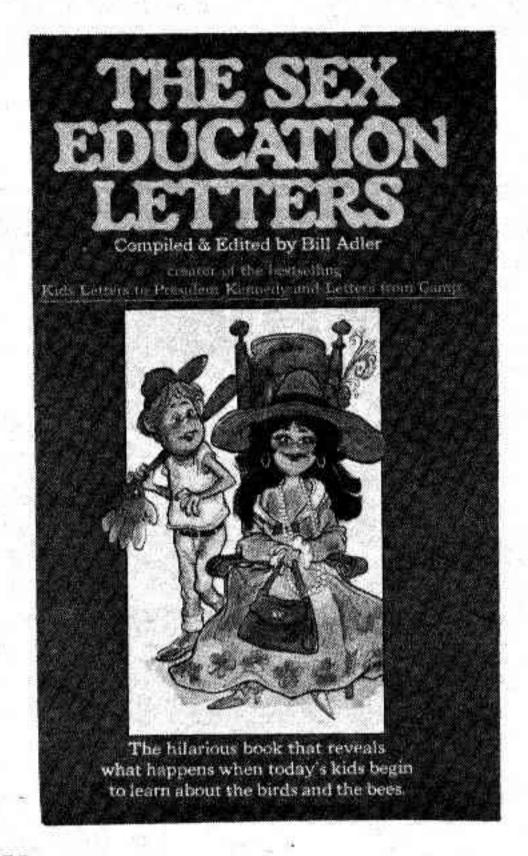
IN NEXT ISSUE

- Confessions Of An X-Ray Man:
 I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SEE IN THIS BUSINESS!
- Whatever You Got They Can Cure And If Not — Life Is Short Anyway!
- The Rich Nut Who Had His Gallstones Removed
 And Had Rhinestones Put In!
- How To Make Out With A Registered Nurse (First Find Out Where She's Registered)
- The Scalpel Left In My Stomach:

 EVERYTIME I INHALE I CUT MYSELF!
- Waking Up Patients To Give Them Their Sleeping Pill
- A Profitable New Sideline:
 OPENING CIGAR STANDS IN EXPECTANT FATHERS ROOMS
- · How To Repair An Iron Lung
- Painting Gallstones By The Numbers



under your favorite counter



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JONATHAN SEGAL CHICKEN

"Chickens were not made to fly, Jonathan," the outraged flock told the plucky (yet unwilling to be plucked) rooster named Jonathan Segal Chicken. "You know what a chicken's fate is—to end up on a Melmac dinnerplate on Friday night, peering disconsolately from under the mashed potatoes and succotash."

But not for Jonathan Segal Chicken, the hero of the Sol Weinstein-Howard Albrecht paperback howler for Pinnacle Books. His mother laments, ("It's my fault. I never should have lined his nest with brochures from Eastern Airlines") and his father is irate, ("He's worse than your crazy brother Sidney Chicken, the one who fell in love with a weathervane . . . on a Baptist Church yet!").

Yes, it's *Jonathan Segal Chicken*, meeting four and twenty militant blackbirds in Harlem; learning how to divebomb statues better than any pigeon; avoiding the blandishments of Sir Lance-a-Lark, the Greenwich Village gay bird; fighting the evil Colonel Kentucky, the human who heads the murderous chicken pickin's restaurants, and finally facing his destiny by taking on five supersonic Communist MIGs in the warring skies over his beloved Israel.

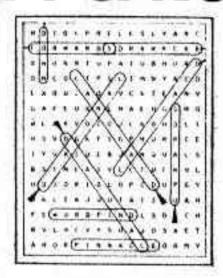
For laughs, cackles, chuckles and smiles, plus all the philosophy even a certain seagull could never supply, it's *Jonathan* Segal Chicken!

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Exciting fun for every member of the family . . . up, down, across, diagonally, forwards and backwards! 95¢ each

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THE ODDFATHER

So you thought Mario Puzo had the real lowdown on the sinister world of the Mafia?

Forget it! The truth is in *The Oddfather*, that hood-happy satire by Sol Weinstein and Howard Albrecht, who outdo Mario Puzo by really making an offer you can't refuse!

Follow Don Provolone, the big cheese in the Mafia and his crazy sons, Fungi the Rapist, Carmine the Cretin and Nicholas the Sensitive, into this narrative of betrayal, murder, sex and spaghetti. Meet his enemies, Don Knottso, the Nervous Don; Don Cherrie, the Golfing Don; Don Rickeleoni, the Insulting Don! Watch Don Provolone take a "contract" from the President of the United States for the next war in Southeast Asia! Thrill to Fungi's love life as he makes more penetrations than the Dallas Cowboys' linebackers! The laughs fly as fast as the bullets from the Don's gun in The Oddfather, and you'll either be rolling on the ground or buried in it. (Choose one.)

Master comedy writers Sol Weinstein and Howard Albrecht, who gave you Oh, Henry and Jonathan Segal Chicken, now lay bare the mob in The Oddfather! Another howler from Pinnacle Books!

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Oh Henry!

The President and Vice President of the United States have been kidnapped. Don't laugh! It happened...

While helicoptering to Camp David to map U.S. strategy for the upcoming P.E.P.P.E.R.* talks with other major world powers, the nation's leaders are stolen out from under the noses of the CIA. Panic reigns at the White House, now an even paler shade of off-white.

The news, of course, cannot be disseminated to the public. And, of course, the press doesn't really notice, except that the panic seems unusual now that the President and his VP are not there.

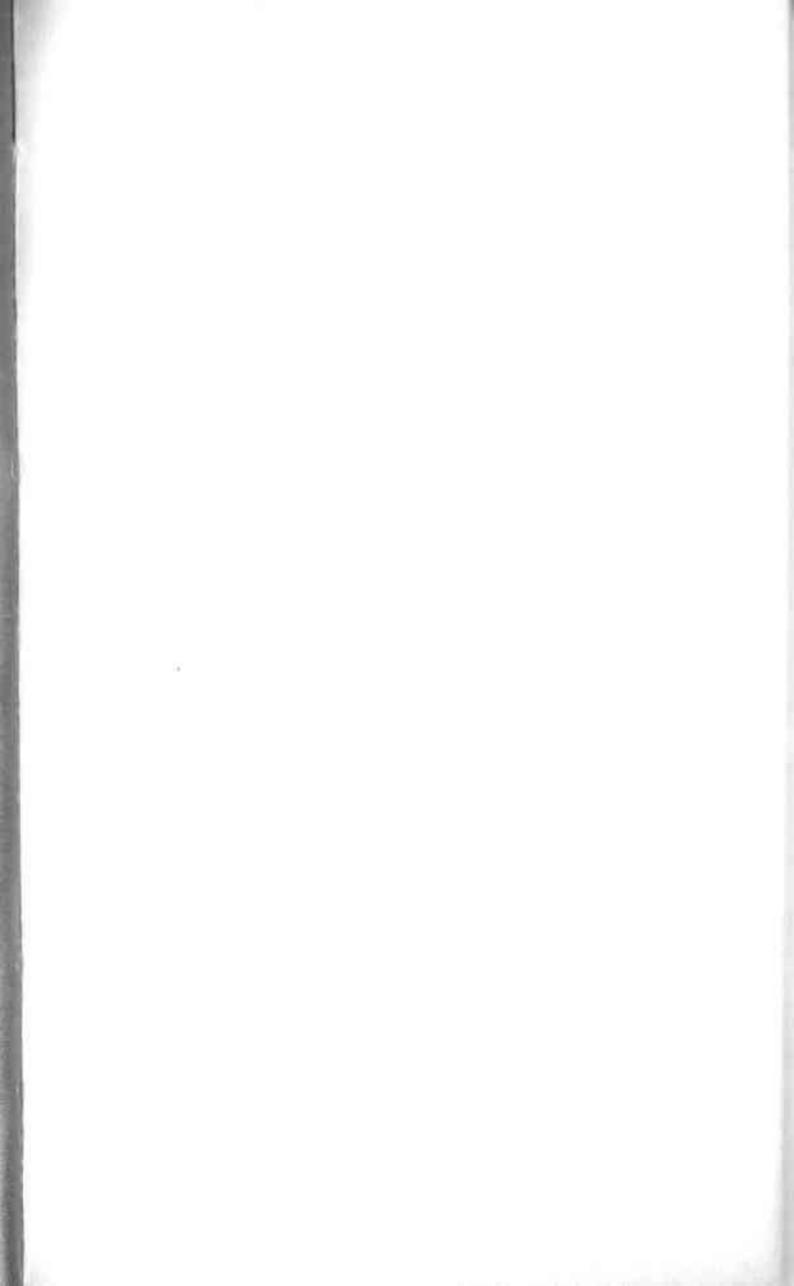
The National Security Council decides it must send for the jet-setting German-Jewish genius, Dr. Henry Kissingherr... currently at liberty by a secret pool at a remote estate just outside of Hollywood.

Washington is in trouble. The call goes out...

*Parley to Effectuate Permanent Peace by Ending Revolution

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triease allow time for de	HIVELY.		



Just look around you...
it's a pretty sick world! So what the hell!

Don't get angry.

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em!

Laugh yourself



Can you picture yourself collapsing with laughter at the dwindling dollar?
Rolling on the floor over muggings? Nothing will be sacred after reading this hilarious lampoon by the editors of Sick!
Air pollution...what a gas!
Noise pollution...a real scream!

The sickest and funniest ever!